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CHRISTMAS.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

O day from all days set apart!
Day dearer than all days beside;
Who would not bring a cheerful heart
To greet the merry Christmas-tide?

Birthday of Him who long ago
Came from above on earth to dwell;
His Father's wonderous love to show,
The story of His grace to tell.

Lowly He walked our common ways;
The sick He healed, the dead restored;
On wounded hearts He sought to ease
The pain of heavenly comfort poured.

The bowed down He lifted up;
The lost He came to seek and save;
Tasting for them death's bitter cup,
And wresting victory from the grave.

O stars, forever shining, sing!
Rejoicing angels, now as then,
With saints redeemed in heaven, sing
Of our O grateful sons of men!

For still He lives, our Christ, and shares
The life of needy, suffering men;
Our joys, our griefs, our hopes, our cares,
Our burdens and our toils, as then.

Still in our earthly homes He bides,
A silent, sympathetic Guest;
Our hands He holds, our feet He guides,
Blesses our toil, and guards our rest.

Then let our lips in praises prove
Our gladness on this day's return,
And increase of our grateful love
In generous deeds of kindness burn!

HOLINESS AND WORK.

BY REV. L. R. DUNN, D. D.

Holiness is moral, or spiritual, wholeness. Hence it is a very comprehensive word, and includes all the powers of our being. Just as all our being has been affected and injured by sin, so all our moral, intellectual and physical powers are sanctified in holiness. Very many make a mistake here. They conclude that holiness only dominates in the realm of the affections, or controls the power of the volitions, or sanctifies our intellects. Not so at all. It does all these things; but it does more. It purifies and exalts the affections, it halts and governs the will-power, it clarifies and enlarges our intellectual powers, and it makes the body the temple of the Holy Ghost. It sets the mind to planning, it sets the heart to strong desires for usefulness, it sets the hand a-doing and the foot a-going. It is not only a power, but it is an active, earnest, energizing power. All great schemes of benevolence, all large-hearted operations for the bringing of this lost world to Christ, all vast enterprises of benevolence, have their origin in this great principle.

There is a great deal, at the present day, of sentimental holiness, which loves to attend all the holiness meetings and to listen to all the experiences of God's saints, which reads nothing but books and papers on this subject, which lives in the region of the imagination, but which does nothing, gives nothing for God's cause, and the establishment or extension of God's kingdom. This is often cold and critical, surmising and fault-finding, censorious and illiberal. It is not the genuine kind, it has not the genuine ring. It is, indeed, injurious to the person, and affects and depresses to the church. For instance, here is a person who has large means, lives in elegant style, has every comfort of life, and yet, when the cause of missions or any benevolence is presented, gives nothing, or else only a very scant donation; whose hand is not outstretched to the poor and the suffering, the needy and the distressed; and whose heart does not beat responsively to the cry of the destitute. Now what are we to think when such persons make a profession of holiness? We do not wish to judge them harshly; but certainly they are not meeting the tests of God's Word to which all our professions must be brought, and by which all must be measured. No. When the heart is under the power of holiness, the whole life will be governed, sweetened and controlled by it. Look at the life of Frances Ridley Havergal—a delicate, frail,

suffering girl; but when she had not only experienced forgiveness, but also the cleansing power of Christ's blood upon her soul, what a life she lived! Her whole being was bent upon doing good to her fellow-creatures. For them she wrote, for them she spoke, for them she prayed. There was no faltering; no holding back of intellect, of heart, of her pen, or her purse. And the life which she lived will be a blessing to the ages. So with many others of whom we might make mention. We think it may be truthfully said, that the whole work of Methodism in the world is based upon the principle of Christian holiness. And the three grand, efficient and successful modern enterprises, which are swaying and blessing our own land and the world at large—the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church—are all based upon this grand experience. This was notably so of the Temperance Union; this cheered, sustained and strengthened them to go to the liquor-shops and there exhort and sing and pray; to kneel down in mud and slush, and pour out their souls to God in prayer; and to strike a blow at this abominable traffic in intoxicants which has shaken it to its very foundations. And it is not true that all, or nearly all, of the leaders in these Foreign and Home Missionary Societies are themselves cheerful witnesses of this full salvation, and blessed exemplars of this glorious doctrine and experience?

Indeed, there is no indwelling holiness without external work. Even the invalid sufferer, confined to her bed, will do all she can by word and act to bless the world and build up the church. This is so true and so plain that we cannot see how any one can doubt it, or fail to see it. This is not a band-box experience, which must be coddled, nursed and favored with all external advantages in order to exist; no, it has life in itself. It is vigorous, full of life, full of peace and joy and power, full of God. We see this illustrated in the natural world. Where the life is rich and full, in tree, in shrub, or in plant, how it will make the tree, not only to bud and blossom, but also to bring forth abundance of fruit; while the bush, or plant, will bear the buds and roses which will fill all the air with most fragrant perfume. "Holiness does but little for us, if it does not make us sweet"—so it has been often said; and we may add, holiness does but little for us, if it does not lead us to work and give for Christ's cause and kingdom in the earth. The church has no place for merely sentimental piety. This will do for Unitarianism, or High Churchism, or culture societies, but it will not do for Christ's people. The church wants strong, vigorous, sterling, working and giving piety; and it wants holiness, in its various grades of experience, to produce it. Some of the noblest, sweetest and most efficient workers in the church whom we have ever known, have been those who have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

All this is only the foreshadowing of millennial times and millennial glory. As in the Methodist, and other Christian churches, men and women see their privilege in Christ Jesus and march up to its enjoyment, so shall we see the highest style of Christian endeavor, the loftiest type of Christian piety, and the largest amount of Christian beneficence. Certainly, no open eye will fail to perceive that this great work is on the increase, and that the wonderful effects of it are known on every hand. What is needed for our poor world is, its vast increase, its grand enlargement. When it shall spread all our churches, then Christ's kingdom will soon overpower all this world. But honest and sincere souls do not want to play with holiness. It is too delicate and too dangerous a thing to play with. We need, first of all, to be made holy in heart and in life. When the kindled fires of another Pentecost are not only on our brows, but on our hearts, then shall we feel the thrill and the power; then shall our whole being, head and heart, soul and body, answer to their presence and their pressure upon us; and not only our

inward experience, but our outward life, will show to all the world what a blood-purchased holiness can do for a sinful man. This is where many of the present day have already reached and attained, through the blood of Christ and the power of the Holy Spirit—the two great factors in the production of Christian holiness. This is where the whole church is destined by "the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God" to come. This will be the millennium of the world.

But now, in this period, let no fanciful or sentimental ideas gain possession of our breast. Let us take heed lest Satan, who often transforms himself into an angel of light, deceive in order to destroy us, and make us void of and of no effect in the home circle, the church, and the world. But, putting on the robes of Christ's righteousness by faith, let us put on also the whole armor of God, that we may stand and fight, give and pray, live and labor for God, until He calls us to His everlasting kingdom. So Charles Wesley sang:—

"I ask in confidence the grace
That I may do Thy will,
As angels who behold Thy face,
And all Thy words fulfill.
Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve Thee without fear,
If Thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer."

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

BY REV. GIDEON DRAVER, D. D.

Tunbridge Wells has a unique place in English history. It was foremost as a watering place for nearly two hundred years. It has been the centre of social and fashionable life, and the rendezvous of countless great known to fame. Through the virtue of its healing waters a town sprung up in the wilderness. First, there was primitive life in tents. These gave place to cabins, cabins to commodious houses, until now it has a population of about 30,000, and is one of the most attractive and charming retreats in the kingdom. Its water is chiefly used for drinking, and is a strong, iron tonic. Royalty, aristocracy, letters, politics, have all had their representatives here from time to time, and history has been enacted, which if it could be written, would unfold an unrivaled tale. Dr. Johnson, a scrofula victim, has rolled through these streets, and held high court among the learned. Lord Chesterfield has here led the fashions. Beau Nash has reigned as king of ceremonies. No such centre is now found in England. With other fashions, that of watering-places changes. The seaside now comes to the front, and the quiet, inland resorts have lost their controlling pre-eminence.

Nature has been lavish to Tunbridge Wells. The variety of its scenery is exceptional. Hill and dale, wood and fertile field, diversify the scene; and the central common of one hundred and seventy acres is a perpetual charm. With trees and shrubs, heath and furze, flowers and rocks, seats and divers walks, it is an ever-new delight. And still they come, a procession of more than two centuries, for the healing waters.

The promenades and drives are innumerable and unrivaled. The entire country is a garden. Through the gates, over the stiles, one can wander in any direction and to any distance, between the hedgerows, under the leafy trees, fresh and green in late autumn, beside the verdant fields, with vistas of English landscape of which one never wearies. There is a tonic in the air for the body, and in the scenery for the mind. Excursions of wondrous ruins are numerous. Castles and ruins, history and legend, people the present with the past. A procession of generations passes before the mind, and invisible spirits fill the air. Six miles away, in the midst of a lovely, fertile plain, through which courses the Medway, in silent grandeur stands Penshurst Castle, dating from the eleventh century. It is the lordly home of the Sidneys—Sir Philip, Algernon, and others known to fame. Immense in extent, it is one of the best specimens of the mansions of the Middle Ages. The baron's hall is a priceless model. It is of great proportions, reaching upwards to the rafters, with colossal fireplace in the midst, and the veritable oaken tables at which relatives and guests have feasted for five hundred years and more. The past is brought vividly to mind. Queen Elizabeth's room is still preserved, and countless mementos of bygone ages. The surroundings have been immortalized by the poetic Waller, and by Sir Philip in the "Arcadia."

In another direction, within a short distance, the little village of Frant is reached. It is memorable, and of interest to all lovers of missions, as the home and burial place of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, so long the British representative to the court of the Sultan, and prominently instrumental in securing such a large measure of religious liberty in the Turkish empire for the missionaries of the American Board. All, of every branch of the

church, acquainted with this remarkable work of God in the East, will mark the grave of its English defender with peculiar emotion. The baronial home, with extensive grounds, is in the immediate vicinity. The tasteful church is surrounded by a well-kept "God's acre," where a fine monument distinguishes the last resting place of the noble dead. In the church itself is a still more touching memorial: It is a lectern, or reading desk, in bronze, of choicest workmanship, surrounded by the symbolical eagle, and resting on emblematic lions, rare and costly. It was the gift of admiring friends. As I would do honor to his memory. It is this which makes the English church of untold interest: nearly every locality has been made famous; saint or hero mingles with its dust.

Bayham Abbey deserves special mention. There are well-preserved picturesque ruins of a priory dating back to the twelfth century. The ivy-covered walls are eloquent of the past. The old mansion is in close proximity; the modern is upon a neighboring hill. The private church is just across the brooklet; while little graves, suggestively planted amid the ruins, teach that inexorable death has taken babes from the mansion to his cold embrace. The chaplain occupies the ancient court, while the youthful proprietor, the Marquis of Camden, fifteen years of age, is at aristocratic Eton, under the shadow of Windsor. These vast estates, and extensive property in London, whose northwestern district therefrom bears the name of Camden-town, make wealthy youthful responsibility. The theme is exhaustive.

Wesley and Whitefield are here through their churches, and the predominant English church is happily evangelical.

CHRISTMAS LESSONS.

BY KATHARINE LENT STEVENSON.

The shepherds bowed before Him,
And the angels sang His birth,
That day, when the Lord of heaven
Came down to our lowly earth;
But ah! the shepherds knew not,
Though the angels sang their lay,
That all days were rendered holy
By the birth of a Babe that day.

He lay in His manger-cradle,
And beside Him knelt sages wise;
They spread forth rare spices and treasures
Before those calm, childish eyes.
Think you they learned the lesson
Which that Babe, years after, taught,
That life is more than treasure,
More than all gifts they brought?

His mother bowed above Him,
And her heart pulsed high with joy,
As she pressed to her warm white bosom
The head of her sleeping boy.
But ah! did she dream, that mother,
That all mothers on earth to-day
Would know their own mission as holy,
Since that Babe on her bosom lay?

IN HIS OWN TIME.

"And a little child shall lead them."

BY MRS. MARIET A. CHEEVER.

"Now let me think: This afternoon I'll run down town and deposit the rent money, then I'll lay in some apples and eggs and some other stores 'gainst a rainy day. Then I can stay indoors awhile without pestering anybody, and I only wish to gracious there wouldn't anybody pester me."

"Huh! such nonsense as women are always up to at this season! I'd tie up the door-bell, only some one might come to pay a bill, or the postman might bring a letter of importance concerning some of the out-of-town property. But, bless my soul! won't women ever learn anything? They jingle that bell every day for I don't know how many weeks every year just before Christmas, and it's—" With a dismal twang—" Won't you please give a little something towards the Mud Street Mission Christmas tree? or, 'Won't you give us something towards the Christmas tree in the youngsters' ward at some hospital? or, 'Can't you aid us a little toward providing a Christmas dinner' for a parcel of dirty little newsboys?"

"Christmas! What's Christmas, I'd like to know, that the shops must be turned into Vanity Fair shows, and men and women—women particularly—go tumbling over one another in their mad haste to spend all the money they can lay their hands on! Well, thank goodness! I've never spent the first red cent yet on Christmas nonsense, nor, nor yet ever mean to, long's my name's Simon Griswold!"

And a tall, gaunt man drew himself up with evident pride and satisfaction at having escaped the follies and extravagances to which mankind are generally liable at this holiday season of the year. That anything lay back of all the shopping and merrymaking of Christmas time, never occurred to the man. And, in fact, so entirely trusted over was his whole nature with greed and selfishness, that almost nothing but a sense of money-making occupied his mind for one hour out of every twenty-four for weeks and months together.

And yet, away back in years long past, Simon Griswold had been the child of a praying Christian mother, who had lovingly stroked his golden head while she taught him first the "Now I lay me" of childhood's earliest petitions; then the Lord's Prayer; and in due time other forms of petition

church, acquainted with this remarkable work of God in the East, will mark the grave of its English defender with peculiar emotion. The baronial home, with extensive grounds, is in the immediate vicinity. The tasteful church is surrounded by a well-kept "God's acre," where a fine monument distinguishes the last resting place of the noble dead. In the church itself is a still more touching memorial: It is a lectern, or reading desk, in bronze, of choicest workmanship, surrounded by the symbolical eagle, and resting on emblematic lions, rare and costly. It was the gift of admiring friends. As I would do honor to his memory. It is this which makes the English church of untold interest: nearly every locality has been made famous; saint or hero mingles with its dust.

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had been taught the innocent boy, who received his holy lessons with all a child's simple faith and trust. But before the boy had reached his teens, the Christian mother had slipped away to her home in the many mansions of the skies, and while still very young the sharp conflict with a pushing, grinding world had driven all serious impressions from her boy's mind. After many years came prosperity, and with it a selfishness born of the rough struggle begun so early and really bravely met, until it would seem as though all the man touched, straightway yielded a certain profit.

Simon Griswold was not a miser. He lived alone, utterly so, but in a roomy, well-furnished house. He prepared his own breakfast and supper, but took a hearty dinner each day down town. A respectable Scotch woman came regularly and swept and dusted the house throughout, and took away the washing; for the rest Mr. Griswold took care of himself.

It was well known that he was a wealthy but secluded man. So church people persistently called upon him at intervals, members of different organizations solicited aid, and numberless efforts were made to induce the rich man to disburse in plausible directions and on worthy objects a portion of his abundant means. But all in vain. In the faces of the church people he sneered, without attempting to conceal his contempt for them or the institution they represented. To those soliciting aid for benevolent purposes, he turned an entirely deaf ear. Who in either church or community had ever assisted him when he was almost begging for bread, he would like to know? But about those prayers! Is there no compact existing between the petitioner and the God appealed to, when a mother prays for her only son? Verily there is! And a rattling "Yes" saith the Lord "strengthens and seals with permanent validity the promised remembrance."

But about those fifty years of life, barren and wasted so far as a fruit-bearing or even useful life is concerned? Well—if "the mills of God grind slowly," the quality of the powdered grain will satisfy at last, and the patience of the majestic Jehovah of the entire Scripture who "waits for all," would surely shame impatience on the part of mortal man towards an indifferent brother. And in His own time God can make "His purposes to ripen fast."

It happened that when Simon Griswold started out to deposit the amount collected from his great rent roll that afternoon, he did a thing which he had never been guilty of before. He forgot to lock the back door of his house, and that morning the bolt had fallen from the back gate. But things were kept in excellent order about the premises, and the carpenter had already been notified to come and replace the fastening at once.

But neither bolts nor bars can exclude a messenger God has once purposed shall enter the door. The money had been safely placed, and with his bank-books in his pocket, Simon Griswold was returning homeward. What subtle influence was about him, he did not for a moment stop to inquire, but for the first time in many long, long years, Mr. Griswold was conscious that afternoon of feeling something like a longing for human companionship. The hurrying groups of interested shoppers, the merry companies of children, the bright, animated faces of the young, all sharing their interest and merriment with friends or relatives, suddenly struck the isolated man as something really desirable. Hitherto he had been so immersed in the business and cares of money-getting, that there had been neither time nor inclination for the making of friends, and now it was too late to begin mingling with the world; and, after all, solitude had been his preference for so many years, it was useless to think of launching out into social life at his years, with its numberless expenses and aggravations.

On entering his house after his cheerless walk, Mr. Griswold repaired at once to the sitting-room, and noticed at a glance that the door into the dining-room beyond, also the kitchen door, were ajar. He started impetuously forward to investigate the cause of such an unusual state of affairs, but at the other side of the centre table he stopped and gazed downward in unmitigated astonishment. What wonder of wonders was this? There on the floor sat a little curly-headed girl between three and four years old. The child was holding a bruised and battered doll, and seemed to be making some effort to wrap it in her own scant little skirt.

At sight of the tall, gaunt figure, the fearless little thing said promptly:—"Me wants a new doll! Please, man, go buy me a doll; an' get some soos and 'tockins,' an' buy a hat too, an' lots other fings."

The child's toes were peeping from an old pair of shoes several sizes too large for the little feet, her dress and the apology for a sack which partly covered it were a mass of soiled tatters, but her little face was as sweet as a June rose, and she looked the picture of contentment, not minding the cold air admitted from the outer door, for the room, despite the unusual draught, was doubtless much warmer than she was accustomed to.

"Well—where—did you appear from?" asked Simon Griswold, as the surprise finally allowed him the power of speech. "Me tum to stay," remarked the midge on the floor. "Well, but how did you come?" "Tum mine own self; goin' to stay, too."

"Oh, you are, are you?" said Mr. Griswold, amused in spite of himself at the assurance of his unexpected and uninvited little visitor. "But who brought you here?" he continued. "Did you—your—mam—ma come with you?" "Mamma all gone," she replied placidly; then she added: "Me glad, too."

"Do you know what your name is?" "Oh, yes, 'deed.' " "Well, what is it?" "Don't know 'till." "What do they call you—don't you know?" "Yes, they calls me Kittie Green."

It was Saturday, and during the morning Janey Maggregor, the Scotch woman, came to sweep and dust the house. No sooner had she entered the sitting-room, than, gazing in astonishment at the little object sitting on the floor, she exclaimed:—"Weel, weel, if there isn't Jen Green's bairn, sure's the wur! She's ganged awa', Jen has, na knowin' wha'."

"Who is she?" demanded Mr. Griswold. "I've been wanting to know whose child she was, and what to do with her. Do you know the mother?" "Oh, puir woman!" began Mrs. Maggregor; "she wor a gude soul betimes, but when the drink wor in her, she got wild; ither times she wor a Christian body, an' took the little lass to Sunday-school and taught her prayer and psalm; but noo she's been gane sin ye's day noon, an' na tellin' will she iver coom agin'."

"I suppose the child strayed in here," said Mr. Griswold. "Wish God ye might let her bide a wee, maister," said the kind-hearted woman.

"I'm thinking of taking her to the police station this afternoon," he replied rather faintly. "When about taking her leave Mrs. Maggregor said:—

"I wor thinkin' mayhap I'd tae the puir little lass hame wi' me for a spell. Jen might coom back, an' she's but a wee bit to go upon the toot."

Mr. Griswold hesitated. "I think I'll keep her until Monday," he said.

By some subtle intuition the little Kittie discovered that the next day was Sunday, and at intervals all through the day she kept begging:—"Oh, please, man, let me go Sunday-cool; please, man, let me go Sunday-cool!"

At length Mr. Griswold promised her if she would be good and stop teasing, he would let her go to Sunday-school the next Sabbath. As nothing had been heard of "Jen" when Scotch Janey came again, Mr. Griswold dispatched the faithful woman on several errands Saturday afternoon, and the result was that the next day Janey called and took to Sunday-school a pretty-dressed child from Mr. Griswold's house. And when with glowing cheeks the beautiful little creature came bounding home, she was all eagerness to have a little paper read to her which she had received at Sunday-school. It was the Christmas week, and the little sheet was filled with stories of the Christ-child. It was a curious sight, the elderly man holding the frail and hitherto neglected child, who interrupted him at almost every line. At last Mr. Griswold had been obliged to tell whether Jesus loved naughty folks, or only "dood ones;" how He came to love "little chilless," and whether He loved "grown-up mans." Lastly he was closely questioned as to whether He loved Jesus, how much, and whether He "expected" Jesus loved him.

Long after the sunny head was on the soft pillow, Simon Griswold sat anxiously pondering the subject over which his whole heart was now deeply stirred. It had been arranged that Mrs. Maggregor should take Kittie to a Christmas tree at the vestry of the church on Thursday afternoon, but at the last moment she made her appearance at Mr. Griswold's door only to say she could not go. The cook in one of her "best families" had fallen suddenly ill, and she must assist in the emergency.

But poor little Kittie, whose expectation had been on tiptoe at the promised pleasure, was not to be appeased in view of losing it. She cried so piteously that finally Mr. Griswold decided he would take her to the door of the vestry, which he did. But arrived there, she clung to him, afraid to lose sight of him, and, half pleased and half unwillingly, he went in with her.

And so it came to pass that for the first time in many a long year Simon Griswold entered the house of God. It is true he went in at the lower portals, but nevertheless he was really inside the hallowed walls. The children were jubilant over their gifts, Kittie not excepted, for Janey had carried a lovely dolly, gorgeous in dress and complexion, to the vestry the day before. Then there were little songs, a short address, and one or two recitations, and it was all about Jesus, the Jesus who came to seek and to save.

On the way home, Simon Griswold held tightly the hand of the exultant little creature, who alternately hugged her dolly and begged to hear "more 'bout Jesus." He only checked her when in the street she began singing at the top of her little lungs: "I am so glad that Jesus loves me!"

Arrived at his door, Janey was waiting his appearance. "I got through sooner than I thoct to," she said, "but Jen has crept back hame to dee; she won't bide lang, and she wants to see yer self right off. I'll stop wi' the lass, an' ye'll go to see Jen, maister."

He could not choose but go, and in a short time he stood beside a dying woman. In broken speech she confessed to Simon Griswold that, being one of the extreme cases alluded to in the Scriptures as a mother who might forget her child, she had pushed her little girl through the open door of his house, and gone forth to her last carousal.

"But I were reared in a Christian way," gasped the poor woman, "and I

(Continued on Page 8.)

The Sunday School.

FIRST QUARTER. LESSON 1.

Sunday, January 2.

Gen. 1: 26-31; 2: 1-3.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D.

THE BEGINNING.

I. Preliminary.

The beginning of the world.

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a true personality, self-consciousness, power of free choice, and therefore, distinct moral responsibility. All this was accomplished at first with perfect purity and innocence; and thus man was, like his Maker, intelligent, immortal, personal, with powers of thought and free choice, and, at the same time, pure, holy and unblemished (E. H. Browne).

27. So (R. V., "and") God created man.—What He proposed, He did. But what did He "create?" The word is a peculiar one. It occurs forty-eight times, always in connection with God, and almost always in the sense of calling into being something which did not previously exist. Now the body of man, in its chemical constituents, had already been "created" when matter was called into being. It must therefore have referred to more than this to his spiritual, immortal nature. Dr. Guyot calls attention to the word "create" in this chapter, as being used only three times—(1) for the origination of matter (verse 1); of life (verse 2); and of soul (verse 27). Says Peloubet: "Now it is remarkable that these are exactly the points where Nature has said to Science, 'Thus far and no farther.' All the powers of modern science have failed to originate matter, or life, or soul. After they have tried, men can go on developing; but they cannot create." In the image of God—the essential thing in the new creation. Male and female created he them.—The creation of woman out of man is narrated in chap. 2: 21, 22.

The natural unity of the first pair, and of the race descended from them, is established by the primary creation of an individual, from whom is descended, by a second creative process, the first woman. The race of man is thus a perfect unity, flowing from a single creative process. . . . Adam had met with his superior in the Creator, his inferior in the animals; and he was now to meet his equal in the woman (Murphy).

28. God blessed them—a formal act of Divine benediction upon the first human pair. Replenish the earth and subdue it.—The earth must be peopled in order to be subdued; but something more was contained in the injunction than simply multiplication. The inviolable sanctity of the conjugal relation was established (Gen. 2: 21, 22); and with the train of home joys and mutual sacrifices that come in the rearing of the family. Have dominion, etc.—The character for man's authority over all inferior beings is derived from God himself, in whose image he was created.

He is to bring all nature under his control, and compel it to minister to his good. If we look at the earth, as prepared for the occupancy of man, we find little that is made ready for his use, but find material which his own labor and skill can bring to fruit. The spontaneous fruits of the earth furnish a ready and abundant subsistence even to a few; but with skillful labor it is made to yield an abundant supply for the wants of every living thing. Its treasures of mineral wealth lie hidden beneath its surface; and when discovered they are brought to light, they are valuable to man, because they become the basis of his service. What an education for the race has been this labor of subduing the earth! How it has developed reflection, stimulated invention, and quickened the powers of combination which would otherwise have lain dormant! (Professor Conant).

29. I have given you every herb bearing fruit (R. V., "yielding") seed.—Says Murphy: "The sacred writer here leads down to us from the midst of a hoary antiquity the primitive deed of conveyance, which lies at the foundation of the common property of man in the earth, and all that it contains." The grant is of all fruits and grains that are adapted to his constitution. To you it shall be for meat.—It does not say that these and these only should constitute man's sustenance; though it is wisely implied that for a period at least a vegetable diet was used by the human pair, and in large portions of the earth this kind of food has always constituted the sole provision, flesh not being procurable. But the study of the human body shows that man is carnivorous; and, later on in Biblical history, animal food is mentioned in such connections as to show that there was authority for its use.

30. To every beast of the earth, etc.—God is not unmerciful of the creatures below man in the scale of being; even the least is cared for. He informs the newly-created and appointed ruler of earth, that these creatures should not be every green herb. Not that they should be confined to these, but that, speaking generally of the class, grass and various herbs are the appointed food. Some animals are carnivorous; and some eat the higher order of vegetation appointed for man—fruits and cereals.

Doth God take care for oxen? Yes, certainly. He provides food convenient for them; and not for oxen only, which were used in His sacrifices and the young ravens are the care of His providence—they seek and have their meat from God. Let us give to God the glory of His bounty to the inferior creatures, that are all fed, as we are, at His table every day (Henry).

31. God saw everything that he had made—and approved them. The complacency, understanding and judgment here indicated in the Divine nature subsequently appear in His image—man. Dr. Murphy deduces from these words a contraction of pantheism in all its forms, since they "imply that the created thing is distinct from the creating Being, and external to Him." Behold, it was very good—"good" in itself, in the completeness of its structure or qualities; "good" in its relations or adaptations, as fulfilling the end for which it was created. God's moral rectitude here comes into view. Whatever He "creates," in the strict sense of the term, is "good." He is said to "create evil," but the word there is used in its creative sense. "Very good" means "excellently good," "admirable." It is the verdict pronounced upon a completed creation. Man thus far was pure. There was no blot of sin on the perfected work of God. The evening and the morning were the sixth day.—R. V., "And there was evening, and there was morning, the sixth day." The Hebrew arrangement of time—beginning the diurnal period with the evening instead of the morning (Gray).

At first it seems as if the origin ought to be, for instance, in the first day, the first great period of development, the time of chaotic darkness; while the glorious morning which follows indicates the time during which the illumination of that vast nebula is performed. It was thus in the nature of the process that the evening actually preceded the morning (Gray).

1. Thus (R. V., "and") the heavens and the earth were finished.—In material, structure, organization, peopling, laws. No new order, either in nature or in creation, has been introduced since the time here indicated. Dr. Murphy, who adheres to the literal "days" of the creative week, says: "The whole is now finished; that is, perfectly fitted at length for the convenience of man, the high-born inhabitant of this fair scene. Since the absolute beginning of things the earth may have undergone many changes of climate and surface before it was adapted for the residence of man. But it has received the finishing touch in these last six days. These days, accordingly, are to be the main period of creation, since the beginning of time, of special or personal interest." All the host of them—in the details, "the visible contents of the heavens and the earth" (Barth), "inanimate, plants and animals" (Murphy), resembling in their variety, orderly arrangement, and obedience to the creative will, a disciplined host or army.

In the atmosphere, then of greater light, of vegetation, of marine animals and huge reptiles, of birds, of beasts, and lastly of man. In the present condition of geological science, and with the great obscurity of the record of creation in this chapter, it may be wise not to attempt an accurate comparison of the one with the other. Some few points, however, seem clearly to come out. In Genesis, first of all, creation is spoken of as "in the beginning," a period of indefinite, possibly of more remote, distance in the past; secondly, the progress of the preparation of the earth's surface is described, gradually advancing from the rocks to the vegetable world and the less perfectly organized animal creation, then gradually mounting up through birds and mammals till it culminates in man. The rocks give their testimony, at least in general, to the same order and progress (E. H. Browne).

2. He rested on the seventh day.—With us "rest" suggests its correlative—fatigue; and the primary and only conception of the Sabbath is, to repose from physical toil. But one may "rest" when nothing remains to be done, and when no weakness is implied. In this sense, it seems to us, the Creator "rested." He put forth His energy in creation, and ceased from that kind of work when it was accomplished. For the duration of this "seventh day" see Illustrative.

3. Blessed the seventh day and sanctified it.—conferred upon it special honor and privileges above other days, and set it apart for holy uses and sacred rest. The ordination of the Sabbath was, therefore, co-ordinate with the creation of man, and did not begin at the era of the giving of the Law. Its essential ideas are rest and holiness. One of the best summaries of Sabbath observance is given by the prophet Isaiah (58: 13, 14): "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." As to the authority for the transfer of the week, it is enough, in passing, to state, that on the first day occurred the resurrection of Christ, which sealed all His doctrine and inaugurated redemption; on the first day occurred the pentecost outpouring, which inaugurated the Christian church; and that this first day was kept sacred instead of the seventh by apostles who, presumably, received their authority so doing from "the Lord of the Sabbath" himself.

The simple meaning of the text is by far the most probable, namely, that God, having divided His own great work into six portions, assigned a special sacredness to the seventh, on which that work became complete; and that, having called man into being, He ordained him for labor, but yet in love and mercy appointed to one-seventh of his time should be given to rest and to the religious service of his Maker. Not only has it been felt by divines that the rest of the seventh day is needed for the preservation of the worship of God, but it has been acknowledged even by statesmen and physiologists that the ordinance is invaluable for the physical and moral benefit of mankind (E. H. Browne).

IV. Illustrative.

1. The genius of Science is that man is "the son of a goddess." Revelation tells us that we are "the sons of God."

2. Have we ever pondered deeply the meaning of our Godlike "image and likeness?"

3. The family is of God's institution. He has ordained the conjugal tie, the "one flesh," the birth and rearing of offspring, with all the joys that flow therefrom.

4. "The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest Thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing" (Psa. 145: 15, 16).

5. The lawful sovereignty over this world has been conferred upon man.

6. The "Sabbath is made for man," hallowed and set apart for his highest interest. We should not degrade it by recreation, by secular thoughts, by indifference, or neglect of its sacred opportunities.

V. Illustrative.

1. CREATION AND EVOLUTION.

Moreover, "special creative act" is not excluded by evolutionists on scientific ground, is not excluded at all on principle except by those who adopt a philosophy which antecedently rules out all possibility of it. Darwin postulates one creative act and a probability of more, and so in principle is at one with Wallace and Dana, who insist on more. Professor Bowen, my philosophical colleague, concludes that "not only every new species, but each individual living organism, originated in a special act of creation." . . . When the naturalist is asked what and whence is the origin of man, he can only answer in the words of Quatrecas and Vichow, "We do not know. We have traces of his existence up to and even anterior to the latest marked climatic change in our temperate zone; but he was then perfected man, and no vestige of an earlier form is known to us. The belief in direct or special creation is entitled to the advantage which this negative evidence gives. . . . Sober evolutionists, who suppose that man has descended from monkeys, 'The monkey' has branched too early for that. The resemblances, which are the same in fact under any theory, are supposed to denote collateral relationship (Prof. Asa Gray).

2. GOD'S SABBATH.

The recital of the resting of God on this day is not closed with the usual formula, "and evening was, and morning was, day seventh." The reason of this is obvious. In the former days the occupation of the Eternal Being was definitely concluded in the period of the one day. On the seventh day, however, the rest of the Creator was only commenced, has thence continued to the present hour, and will not be fully completed till the human race has run out its course. When the last man has been born, and has arrived at the crisis of his destiny, then may we expect a new creation, another putting forth of the divine energy, to prepare the skies above and the earth beneath for a new stage of man's history, in which he will appear as a race no longer in process of development, but completed in number, confirmed in moral character, transformed in physical constitution, and so adapted for a new scene of existence. Meanwhile, the interval between the creation now recorded and that postulated in subsequent revelations from heaven (Is. 65: 17; 2 Pet. 3: 13; Rev. 21) is the long Sabbath of the Almighty, so far as this world is concerned, in which He serenely contemplates from the throne of His providence the strange workings and strivings of that intellectual and moral race He has called into being, the ebbings and flowings of ethical and physical good in their checked history, and the final destiny to which each individual in the unfettered exercise of his moral freedom is incessantly advancing (Murphy).

3. MAN'S SABBATH.

But between the sixfold periods of work is interposed the day of rest, a free breathing time for man, in which he may recall his origin from and meditate on his relationship to God. It lifts him out of the routine of mechanical or even intellectual labor into the sphere of conscious leisure and occasional participation with his Maker in His perpetual rest. It is also a type of something higher. It whispers into his soul an audible presentiment of a

time when his probationary career will be over, his faculties will be matured by the experience and the education of time, and he will be transformed and translated to a higher stage of being, where he will hold uninterrupted fellowship with his Creator in the perpetual leisure and liberty of the children of God (Murphy).

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Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 22, 1886.

THE COLLEGE OF HALF A CENTURY.

The annual meeting of the Boston Alumni Club of the Wesleyan University, on Monday, Dec. 13, could not fail to suggest to those who are personally familiar with the educational history of the denomination both the remarkable progress of the church in the care and culture of her children, and the immense sums of money which she has freely subscribed, not out of her abundance, but, in earlier years, out of her penury, for the establishment of seminaries and colleges.

Wesleyan University was the first fully-appointed college under her patronage, with a curriculum as broad and a scholarship as thorough as any of the older institutions in the country. It was opened in 1831, with a faculty of five professors and forty-eight students. It cannot, therefore, point back, like Harvard, to a history of two hundred and fifty years, but it can challenge its venerable predecessor to show in its first half-century, or in any equal period since, such manifest, or more worthy, results. In that period it has sent out over a thousand well-educated men, whose presence has been felt throughout the land, especially (as was natural under the circumstances, as this need of the church was, at the time, most apparent) in her ministry; but, as the years rolled on, in all the professions, and particularly as educators in the numerous academies and colleges which have sprung up all over the country. The Alumni Record of the institution is a remarkable volume—a stout octavo of between seven and eight hundred pages—showing the conspicuous positions which have been filled by the sons of Wesleyan, and the very creditable additions which they have made to the literature of the country.

This small faculty, in the early decades of the University, would bear weighing better than counting. It is impossible to overestimate the obligation which our people owe to them. As the memory of the writer goes back to the beginning of the period—and his college life dates from 1837, six years after its halls were opened—he can speak confidently in reference to the character and scholarship of these men. They both commanded the respect of the undergraduates, and held it after they left the institution. There is not an alumnus of the first years who does not recall with sentiments of reverence and even affection, these able teachers and cultivated Christian gentlemen. They have nearly all now passed to their higher reward; only one lingers in great feebleness—Prof. Hildich—for the Voice that has long since summoned the rest of his honored colleagues to a higher and tireless service. But there is one name that stands by itself among all these venerated titles. Dr. Wilbur Fisk, the first president, from 1831 to '39, was the providential man for the hour in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He had no competitor on this side of the Atlantic, in the estimate of the founders of the college, for the new and important chair. The church had no better, or more effective, preacher at the time, and there was no one of her ministers better adapted for the highest office in her gift. He was, indeed, elected a bishop, but he had the wisdom and the grace to see that he held a position in which the church needed his presence more, and where he could accomplish the largest service for her. So he graciously declined the proffered

honor. His apprehension of the educational requisition of the time seems almost prophetic. A graduate, with honor, of Brown University, he availed himself of the counsels of Dr. Wayland, whom he greatly respected, and who, in turn, held the young president in high esteem. The system he established, with small modifications incident to the broadening of the departments of science and literature, remains the policy of the college to-day, and keeps it in the advanced ranks of American institutions of equal grade. He anticipated in the beginning the results of the quite modern discussion over elective studies, and carefully arranged two full courses—a classical and a scientific—giving students who were mature, or who were anxious to enter a profession or some line of active business, an opportunity to select a full curriculum of scientific, mathematical and philosophical studies, with the modern languages, without spending their time upon classical studies. He possibly proposed at first, as the oldest college of the land has to-day, to give the same degree of A. B. to graduates in both courses, as one of the most brilliant of the students of Middletown, who did not take the full classical course, expected, and has not to this day forgiven the college for withholding. But Dr. Fisk doubtless felt that he had not authority to change the consensus of university men for ages, as to the significance of academic honors; so he adopted the double symbol of A. B. and B. S., as to-day.

One whose memory goes back to the hour when a military school, with its two plain edifices, was re-opened and dedicated as a college for higher academic education, could but wish, on the Monday evening referred to above, that the first president might have been present and seated at the head of the table. He would simply have been a venerable man of ninety-four. A beautiful picture he would have made, with his finely-proportioned form and classic face. What a privilege it would have been to have listened to that voice which was music itself, and to those chaste and impressive sentences which never failed him! What recollections would have crowded upon his memory, as he looked out upon these eighty young, middle-aged, and venerable men—only a small wing, indeed, of the whole body, belonging to a portion of the country which sent few students to the college in his day—who reverently looked upon Wesleyan as their Alma Mater! What contrasts would have rushed into his mind—the two plain edifices, now greatly improved, forming only a small portion, at present, of an elegant suite of eight or ten buildings, including the fine club rooms; a faculty of twenty, with about two hundred undergraduates; with a score of college presidents among the alumni, and hundreds of others forming the faculties of academic and collegiate institutions throughout the country, and with esteemed pastors and self-sacrificing and devoted missionary preachers in all parts of the land and the world; with an endowment of a million dollars, and facilities for an advanced education equal to the best colleges of the period. It would certainly have been a study to watch the play of his features as these thoughts passed through his mind, and it would surely have been a benediction to have listened to the devout and tender thanksgiving that would have fallen from his lips.

But we have wandered far from the Monday evening meeting. It was a delightful occasion, fully attended. The interchange of salutations and reminiscences, the grasp of the hand, the reviving of the old college days' enthusiasm, the meeting of unexpected friends—all served to render the occasion a memorable one. The dinner is not to be spoken of lightly, although it must have rested heavily upon the stomachs of some of the venerable students unused in later days to such indulgence. The speaking was up to the average, but the enjoyment was beyond the unelastic symbols of language. The faculty of the college was admirably represented by the President and Professors Winchester, Atwater and True, and the whole was a bright space in the monotonous round of daily life. Hail and farewell. Long life to Alma Mater, and a blessing upon all her children of every color and both sexes!

JESUS BORN AGAIN.

Christmas brings before the mind of the Christian world the thought of the "manger," the "Babe," and the "Child." We joyously again with the return of mid-winter contemplate the gift of both earth and heaven to man, and prolong the song begun by angels. If angels shouted with rapture over the advent of one of their Redeemer, how much more should we, as men, be moved to adore the Incarnation? Jesus honored woman in becoming her son. He became a man, humanity's perfect flower, by being born of a woman. Every Christian mother, therefore,

stands in a relation to the Bethlehem gift no man can hope to realize. Let us not forget the human in the great Christmas Gift unto us, Jesus is divine, therefore He reaches God; Jesus is human, therefore He reaches us. Thinking of Jesus only as the equal with God—as God Himself—we lose Him in the mysteries that gather around the great white throne. Seeing Him as part of ourselves, He still reigns upon the earth upon which we place our weary feet. Come back once more to the manger; behold the Babe and the Child! He is our brother.

The gift came noiselessly to men. So the sunbeams come silently trooping through the spaces to cheer this earth of rocks and storms. The great forces of the universe do not thunder their ceaseless activities.

The announcement of the angels was made to men of occupation—shepherds. Moses kept the flock of Jethro; David fed his father's sheep; Amos was among the herdsmen of Tekoa; Jesus became the "Good Shepherd," to know and lead the flock. Appropriately to shepherds spake the angelic voices. The magi followed the star that put them upon their knees by the side of the Child. Science leads up to the Christ. Astronomy has killed superstition, and the sweep of the heavens has added to the devotion of men. No true astronomer can part company with Him whose hand guides the worlds sailing in the great deeps around us. And He, the mighty God, must be God manifest unto us. This is the true demand of science. The chief of the great discoverers in the realm of science have been Christians. Some scientists have been indefinite and skeptical with reference to things unseen. It is only a small portion of the science of our day that is disloyal to the New Testament and its story of the child Jesus. All truth is welcome to kneel at the manger, for Jesus is the truth. Jesus promises to lead human minds into all truth. Astronomers, geologists, philosophers, and all men of learning and inventive power, do their best work when God's thoughts expand their souls and enlarge their horizons.

The incarnate Christ satisfies the wisest and the most ignorant peoples. Greece searched for beauty, and in stream, grove, sky, temple and man, she found it. Plato was as much a poet as a philosopher, for beauty made his disquisitions music. Is there no beauty in the King? Is there not grace as well as strength in the central figure of the ages? Rome asked for honor, valor, and in her best days was a nation of pure homes. What honor, what bravery, belongs to the soldier who is every inch a Christian! Will the name of Havelock be forgotten as long as the words honor and valor shall endure? Does Jesus bring purity to the home? The purest woman that lives may find the inspiration of her life in Jesus. The most vicious peoples of the earth have known what it is to be humane at least to friends. But Jesus came to earth to make men love their foes. He died pleading with the Father to forgive those who crucified Him, for they knew not what they did.

He came at the right moment; from a prepared bud the flower came forth to fill the world with fragrance. The law trained God's people to reverence authority, and by ritual and solemn performance the way was made for the King of whom Moses and the prophets wrote. After birth, development! But the conditions of historical development were not favorable to the product seen in Jesus of Nazareth. Narrow Galilee, bitter Judea, and disciples blinded by their own worldliness, presented only hampering obstacles to the making of the matchless man. He became the brother of all men. The distinctions between Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian, vanished before His coming. Caste is still maintained even at this hour, but it is doomed.

And so, as Jesus is born again, the brotherhood idea emerges from the low levels of selfishness, the bitter hate of our hearts perishes, and we are glad and grateful. Hail, thou Messenger, bringing to us news of a better country and the glory of God's thoughts for us! Thou art the Prince of Peace, although Thou bringest a sword. No peace without the sword! The ground is torn to pieces by the frosts of winter and by the moving ploughs, that waving harvest may fill cribs and barns with plenty. The surgeon cuts, that he may heal. By heroic treatment men are cured. After the storm, blessed calm; tears to-day, but smiles to-morrow.

If any of our ministers have not received lists of the subscribers to the HERALD on their charge, please inform us, and they will be sent at once.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Never did a "Home" seem to be more delightful, than as a comfortable shelter from the sweeping snowstorm of last Thursday. It was right in the midst of it that we dedicated our Wesleyan Home in Newton. It was a great disappointment to many that the weather was so unpropitious, but there was a bright and blessed sunlight inside of the cheerful home. A good roomful was present. A quiet from Newton Centre, led by Mr. Avery Rand, with Mr. Lewis R. Spear, his wife and sister, added much to the interest of the hour with their singing. The whole company pronounced together the twenty-third Psalm, and Dr. L. B. Bates led the devotions in a peculiarly tender and impressive devotional prayer. A short address was made by the president of the Board. He was followed by Dr. David H. Ellis in an admirable and appropriate speech, setting forth the significance and the direct and indirect results of the opening of this Methodist Home. The only regret felt was that there were so few to hear it. Rev. E. A. Manning closed the interesting services with a benediction. The matron and the little son of Brother McCoy, our missionary in India, were present.

The occasion will never escape the memory of the little lad. The Home is over-living, with its rooms neatly furnished, awaiting the comers whom God shall, in His providence, send to us. Our income is not sufficient to meet expenses; so that we must look to the friends of the Lover and Saviour of children for donations of money, from all portions of New England. We shall open our rooms to children just as fast as our income permits. We shall be glad to correspond with any who know of suitable subjects in our Methodist families. We propose to keep it a home, and not permit it to become an institution. After the annual meeting in January, the officers of the Society will be announced. Any subscriptions may be forwarded to the president, the editor of this paper, and they will be duly acknowledged.

The combination of the laboring classes for political purposes is singularly broken up, both by the diversity of views in social economy, and the difficulty of breaking away from old party alliances. Another unexpected divorce element has been developed. A popular and eloquent Catholic priest of New York, Rev. Dr. McGinn, who had openly, and in public policy, advocated the views of Mr. George, the Labor candidate of New York, has been reprimanded by his superior in New York, and summoned to Rome to meet the charges that have been made against him, as giving utterance to doctrines contrary to the teaching of the church. This action of the Roman priesthood will tend, at least, to restrain the Catholic vote on any combination with a party holding radical views on the question of the ownership of land.

The municipal elections in the five large remaining cities of Massachusetts offered no very marked triumph for the earnest anti-liquor work, save that, in every instance but one, and especially in Boston, there was a great increase of the negative vote—enough so seriously to agitate the liquor dealers. The women of the W. C. T. U. have worked bravely, and they have accomplished throughout the State a wonderful result. Another equally successful campaign would legally shut the saloons out of the State. The saddest event of the last election was the loss of Worcester as a no-license city. There was no falling away in the negative vote, but the saloon men had left no stone unturned, canvassing every part of the city and scrupling at no sacrifice, to secure additions to the license vote. The brave men and women of that city, who voted and worked as they prayed, are not discouraged, but have received a fresh inspiration, and will labor all the more earnestly during the coming year to reverse effectively this liquor vote. All these events emphasize the expediency of the vote of women on a question in which she has so lively a personal interest. One lady in Boston, who approached the ballot-box with her vote for the school committee, was offered a "no-license" ticket. "Next year," she remarked quietly, "I hope to be able to use one." We have never seen so much unanimity or earnestness in the community on any phase of the temperance reform as was manifested this year in putting down the saloon. The part of the liquor men to control municipal legislation has awakened a wholesome, and we hope lasting, indignation. This strong wave of temperance enthusiasm will make itself felt, we have reason to hope, in the coming session of the Legislature. The saloon must go, and liquor-drinking must be destroyed!

One of the most interesting of the late centennial celebrations was that of the two-hundredth anniversary of King's Chapel, so-called—one of the few pre-revolutionary edifices in this city, still preserving its venerable form, and yet devoted to its legitimate uses. This occurred last week in a series of interesting services. No building is more familiar to the eye of a Bostonian, after Faneuil Hall and the Old South, than this dark stone edifice on Tremont Street, with its historical graveyard, its low square tower, and its large front pillars. Within, while very comfortable, it preserves much of its ancient arrangement. The addresses at the commemorative service were specially interesting. The pastor, Rev. H. W. Foote, gave an entertaining resume of its history. The other speakers were Gov. Robinson, who is always happy in his short speeches, Dr. Ellis, President Eliot, Dr. Phillips Brooks, and others. Even the always welcome poem of Dr. Holmes (save when he thrusts his glittering spear into some venerable theological dogma) was not wanting. The ancient building, looking for two centuries more, if it is preserved from desolation, fire, or the more destructive forces of modern improvement.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

We heartily wish all our readers a "Merry Christmas!"

We have quite a number of articles on the caste question on hand, all harmonious in their view of the subject, but presenting the matter in different and striking lights. We shall print these papers as rapidly as our space will permit, giving correspondents on other topics an equal opportunity.

The remarkably interesting and instructive address of Mr. Laney before the Methodist "Travellers' Meeting" in New York, on the Congo Valley, fully reported in the *Christian Advocate*, enhances the regret of his sudden recall, and his inability to speak at a similar meeting, last Monday, in Boston. If his life is spared, he will probably return and take up afresh his engagements in this country.

We have received and read with pleasure an address delivered by Horace M. Willard, A. M., principal of Vermont (Baptist) Academy, at Saxton's River, upon the "Work and Claims of the Institution." This is a very vigorous and interesting address, dealing with educational work, and pervaded by a truly Christian spirit. Few men are better qualified, as to scholarship, teaching power and moral influence, for the headship of such an institution than Mr. Willard, whom we have known and esteemed for many years.

Christmas is the children's day. We remember on this anniversary our Lord as He entered human life a little child, and the gifts of the wise men as they were opened before the eyes of the infant Redeemer. How appropriate that we should make our gifts to the Lord in the form of His little ones. Send, then, to the "Home" in Newton, where His children are to be gathered. Inasmuch as we have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.

A local paper, published in Piqua, O., contains a specially interesting half-century discourse by Rev. M. Dustin, D. D. He presents in a very picturesque way the work of the church in the New West fifty years ago—his obstacles, sacrifices, trials and triumphs. Dr. Dustin's ministry covers the anti-slavery struggle, which he pictures very vividly. What heritage have the fathers won for us! God grant that we may hand it down, not impaired, only enlarged, to our successors! We shall file the paper with our Historical Society gatherings.

The Boston Wesleyan University Club chose for its officers for the ensuing year: For president, Hon. Darius Baker, Newport, R. I.; vice-presidents, Prof. T. B. Lindsay, Boston University, and John E. Abbott, esq., Boston; secretary, Rev. Charles E. Rice, Lowell; assistant secretary, W. E. Rowell, Lawrence; treasurer, Mr. E. A. Mansfield, Newton Centre; executive committee, Rev. W. L. Haven, Newton Centre, Mr. Charles H. Furbur and Mr. E. O. Fisk, Boston.

The papers announced last week the death, in Lynn, of Rev. Geo. F. Poole. We have not as yet received any particulars of the event, but a biographical sketch will doubtless be prepared and sent for our columns. He located on account of the state of his health some years since, having been an active and useful member of the New England and New England Southern Conferences. He was a graduate of Brown University, and in his prime was an able and acceptable preacher. He was of Lynn birth, his family well-known members of the Lynn Common Church.

The fine new church edifice of the M. E. Church, Middletown, Ct., built on the site of the one burned two years since, was dedicated to divine worship last Sabbath, with appropriate and impressive services. Bishop Andrews and Dr. Buttz were the preachers during the day. A social reunion and a love-feast were the side dishes of the grateful occasion. If Dr. Kelley, the esteemed pastor, will send us an account of the feast of dedication, with a cut of the new edifice, it will carry, in our columns, much pleasure to many readers.

The present law of the State requires the closing of liquor-saloons on election day. The police of Boston secured quite a general obsequy to this requirement, and it was universally remarked that a very exciting election passed off with very little public tumult and few scenes of violence. That would be the effect of closing these vile and poisonous dens every day in the week throughout the year. There was one occasion of passing regret: The closing of the saloons released hundreds of men, who devoted their time to vigorous canvassing for affirmative votes. You can only squelch the monster by throttling him.

A conspicuous and revered figure vanishes from our streets and public assemblies, in the death, last week, of the truly venerable Hon. Marshall P. Wilder. He had passed the age of 88 a little more than two months, and his physical and intellectual vigor had been wonderfully preserved. A man of large proportions, finely formed, a good face, interested in affairs, honored by his fellow-citizens with offices in the State government, of ready address, he has been one of the best-known of our public men. His special attention has been given to the horticultural and historical societies of the city, of each of which he has been the president, and was to the last of the latter. He had retired for a number of years from active business, but was a special partner in a large manufacturing house. Mr. Wilder was a consistent Christian and member of the Congregational Church in Dorchester. His death was very sudden, and struck his friends with quite a shock upon its announcement last Thursday.

Rev. Ernest P. Herrick, the pastor of the Winchester M. E. Church, is making a brave struggle to redeem a suffering people from an oppressive burden. This church has been before us for a number of years, but never entirely relieved of its burden. A late cyclone rendered their expensive house of worship unsafe for occupancy. To repair it and relieve it of debt would require \$7,300. Of this sum the noble and self-sacrificing membership has secured (selling the pews) \$6,000. Their ten hundred dollars additional must be raised by the first of January. They ask a small contribution from us all. We have felt happy to forward a little gift. Let us all help in this exigency!

We are indebted to the publisher, Rev. William Briggs, of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, Canada, for copies of their various periodical publications, especially in the Sunday-school department. They cover nearly the full variety of our own Book Room—the Berean Leaf, several Sunday-school sheets adapted to different ages and handsomely illustrated, with monthly issues for teachers and family reading. These periodicals are issued at a moderate price. Some physical and intellectual vigor had been wonderfully preserved. A man of large proportions, finely formed, a good face, interested in affairs, honored by his fellow-citizens with offices in the State government, of ready address, he has been one of the best-known of our public men. His special attention has been given to the horticultural and historical societies of the city, of each of which he has been the president, and was to the last of the latter. He had retired for a number of years from active business, but was a special partner in a large manufacturing house. Mr. Wilder was a consistent Christian and member of the Congregational Church in Dorchester. His death was very sudden, and struck his friends with quite a shock upon its announcement last Thursday.

"Sito's" criticism in reference to the neglected editorial duties of the editor of the *Southwestern Advocate*, has greatly disturbed the equanimity of the occupant of that chair. He is quite sure that the spirit of Zion's Herald has vacated the office of Zibor's Herald. Nothing can be more evident than that it has not settled down in the office of the *Southwestern*. Nothing could have been more abhorrent to the conscientious and consistent Bishop than the course taken by the editor, and his insinuations into what has been made his personal organ, would have roused the indignation of that true friend of man of every race and color.

In a note accompanying his interesting communication which we have placed on the second page, Bishop Taylor writes:—"I must leave Liverpool for Liberia by Jan. 5. I have the money secured, and am ready to put under contract, and my order for missionaries for 1887 made out, before I leave. I propose (D. V.), after the session of the Liberia Conference, to spend a few months in founding self-supporting missions among the neglected heathen tribes along the Liberian coast, and endeavor to secure a permanent of our steamer and new recruits of missionaries to the Congo. I am in good health, and am daily abiding in Jesus. I am waiting for the opportunity to send you a copy of my exchange of a single duplicate of the MS. I send you."

Rev. Geo. H. Perkins, pastor of the City Point Methodist Episcopal Church, South Boston, is with an important circuit in reference to the construction of a church edifice for this very vigorous and growing young society, situated in a most promising locality. It is too weak yet to bear a debt, and a house of worship is indispensable to growth. A little help from a great many will put them on their feet at once.

Occasionally the real spirit of Romanism is revealed in our own country. As our readers know, the Roman Catholic Church, through some of its most persistent members in New York, have sought to break down the ancestral character of the moral and religious instruction of the House of Refuge and to introduce the mass and Catholic ceremonies. In all the later years high-minded and able men of the Roman Catholic Church have been in judgment with their Protestant associates, in this matter, greatly to the chagrin and indignation of the Catholic press and priesthood. A few days since, Judge Alker, a manager of the House of Refuge, and a regular Roman Catholic communicant, died. Archbishop Corrigan refused his family the privilege and honor of a burial from the Cathedral, on account of his uniting with his associates in their refusal to make a public institution of the State, against the letter of its charter, a Roman Catholic propaganda. Doubtless the

Judge's ashes will rest as quietly in their tomb as if they had passed before the magnificent altar of the Cathedral, but the spirit of the Archbishop seems strangely diverse from that of the Great Teacher, whose servant he professes to be.

Rev. W. N. Brodbeck visited Rev. Sam Jones in Brooklyn last week, and perfected the arrangement for his opening his evangelical work in Boston, Jan. 9. On the morning of the 9th he will preach at the Tremont St. Church, and will commence his special work in People's Church, at 7.30 p. m.

A singular case of the miserly love of accumulating money without receiving any personal benefit from it, or being inspired by any desire to have it accomplish a good purpose after death, has occurred in the last few weeks. Mr. James H. Paine, who died a short time since in New York, was well known in this city, but has lived in abject misery and poverty for the last years of his life. Large sums of money and stocks were found to his credit upon his death. A familiar associate, who had offered him acts of kindness, comes forward affirming that a will, which could not readily be found, had made him sole heir of the property. In the trial of the case, Mr. Chickering, of Boston, appears, bringing with him a loosely tied up and unpromising bundle. It had been handed to him twenty years before by Mr. Paine, without intimation as to its contents, and at his (Mr. Paine's) request had been placed in his safe. Only once afterward was the bundle alluded to, and then Mr. P. simply asked if Mr. Chickering had it. When opened it was found to contain in money and good security the hand of an affected and miserly miser, between three and four hundred thousand dollars. There it had been useless all these years. How singular and fearful this awful appetite for accumulation, without one element of compensation in it, or the slightest benediction in its use!

We noticed, some time since, quite appreciatively, but none too warmly, a book published by Phillips and Hunt, and written by one of our ministers, J. N. Fradenburgh, entitled "Witnesses from the Dust." It illustrates and confirms, in modern investigations, the records of the Old Testament Scriptures. As during the first six months of the coming year the International Lessons cover the early books of the Bible, the pages of this interesting and instructive volume will afford special aid to the teacher and intelligent Sunday-school scholar. The *Sunday School Times* includes in its list of twelve volumes which it commends as "illustrative lights" upon the lessons. It can be obtained of J. P. Magee.

Periodicals and Holiday Gifts.

The sales of the *Century Magazine* have gone up over 30,000 copies in six weeks, since beginning the "Life of Lincoln." A second edition of December was issued on the 15th. A veteran New York publisher predicts that the permanent edition of the magazine will go beyond 300,000 before the completion of the "Life of Lincoln." The January installment, which is said by the editors to be of surpassing interest, occupies thirty pages of the magazine, and treats of Mr. Lincoln's settlement in Springfield; his practice of law in that city; the Harrison campaign; Lincoln's marriage; his friendship with the Speeds of Kentucky; the Shields duel; and the campaign of 1844.

The *New Englander and Yale Review* for December has a practical and suggestive article by Hon. H. C. Robinson on the question: "How Shall Profits in Business be Divided?" The writer strongly favors co-operative plans. James T. Bixby has a paper on "The Psychology of Religion." Rev. T. S. Potwin writes upon "The Hours of Labor;" S. D. Thatcher upon "Boys' Work;" Prof. Barbour has an interesting short paper on "Religion in Yale University." E. L. Richards, Jr., offers qualifying comments upon the *Independent's* description of the Yale-Princeton game of football. There is a list of book reviews. New Haven: W. L. Kingsley. \$3 a year.

The most thorough municipal system of voluntarily administering to the necessities of the poor is that of the Associated Charities of Boston. The society makes its seventh annual report in a very extended and interesting document. It unifies and harmonizes all the different boards which are engaged in common work in the city, exposes frauds, finds employment for those that are out of work, and thus saves from pauperism, and, by its thorough system of visitations, discovers the real suffering of the city. Every ward seems to have been thoroughly canvassed. The society disburses some fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars annually, and is supported by subscriptions and permanent funds. The president is Robert Treat Paine, esq. Its office is in the Charity Building, Chardon St.

Christian Thought for December has for its list of contributions: "The Origin of Moral and Religious Ideals," by W. D. Wilson, D. D.; "The Law of Labor and Capital," by D. B. Fairbairn, D. D., LL. D.; "The Christian Use of Wealth," by Samuel M. Hamilton, D. D.; "Edwin Arnold, Poetizer and Paganizer," by Thomas J. Scott, D. D.; "Hereditary Fatalism," from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, with editorial "views and reviews." W. B. Ketchum, 71 Bible House, New York; Dr. Chas. F. Deems, editor.

The *Quiver*, the English monthly, published by Cassell & Co., in London, Paris and New York, for Sunday and general reading, has an interesting list of papers in its New Year's number: "With the London 'Busmen';" "A Faithful Heart;" "The Lord Our Shepherd," by the Dean of Wells; "Homes for Working Boys;" "Miss Barrett's 'Aversion';" "About Mothers;" "The Valley of the Shadow;" "A Day Among the Iroquois Indians;" "Miss Willoughby's Offer;" "A Boat Journey Eight Hundred Miles Overland;" "Short Arrows," etc. \$1.50 a year.

Our neighbor in Wesleyan Building, the publisher of the *New England Magazine*, is issuing an interesting December number. Its frontispiece is a portrait of ex-Lieut. Governor Horatio G. Knight. Its opening paper is by Charles Edwin Hurd, upon "Art in Illustrations," with many fine wood-engravings. Gen. Carrington contributes a paper on "The Civil War in 1862;" C. H. Holway upon "Historic New London." There is an interesting "Day's Trip to Plymouth;" an account of "Early Transcendentalism in New England;" and other short papers and miscellany. \$3 a year.

The new magazine which has been heralded for some months, and with the outside of which we had become somewhat familiar by its generous advertisement, appears in good season for a holiday welcome. It dates from the first of January, 1887. Its title is simply *Scribner's Magazine*. Its outward appearance is attractive, and its contents confirm the estimate. The illustrations are numerous, and are not made specialties as in other magazines. The first paper by ex-Minister E. B. Washburn is a vivid picture of Paris at the opening and close of the Franco-German war. The two serial stories com-

menced are: "Seth's Brother's Wife," by Harold Frederic; and "The Story of a New York House," by H. C. Dunner. Captain E. V. Greene has a very sensible, illustrated paper upon "Our Defences Coasts," and Editor W. H. Ward, D. D., of the *Independent*, writes delightfully about Gouverneur Morris, with a fine portrait—the first of a series of papers. There is also a thoughtful and valuable article by President Francis A. Walker upon "Socialism," with very interesting prose and poetic papers. The new magazine certainly starts off well. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, at \$3 a year; 25 cents a number.

How natural that earnest face, with its low, simple, crowned with its pure-white, abundant hair! It is Mrs. Mary D. James upon whose face we are looking as we write, and it forms the frontispiece of the volume containing her life, as written by her son, Rev. J. H. James, and appreciatively introduced by Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley. Mrs. James was an elect lady, a saint of God, kept simple heart, pure and sweet, and consecrated by the grace of the Gospel—a living epistle of the divine power and beauty of the Christian faith, known and read by tens of thousands. This interesting volume presents her record of usefulness, the influence of her holy temper, and her rich personal experiences of an abounding grace of the Gospel, as far as we can catch and picture the subtle force of such an undemonstrative and harmonious life. Many who have known her in later years knew little of her beautiful early days, and will read with special interest this memorial of the hand of an affected and miserly miser, between three and four hundred thousand dollars. There it had been useless all these years. How singular and fearful this awful appetite for accumulation, without one element of compensation in it, or the slightest benediction in its use!

Among the superb holiday gifts of the present season—a volume for amateur artists, as well as for the appreciative lovers of pictures and rare designs, and for the passionate admirers of richly executed books—is "A Book of the Bible," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is an atlas-quarto in form, with many full pages of photograph illustrations, and is printed on extra thick paper, with large and beautiful type, and with generous margins. The binding is in harmony with every portion of the exquisite volume. The letter-press describes, in a lively and graphic manner, the "habitat" of the day, reports one of its meetings, gives an extended professional conversation, a free talk on the subject of the "Life of Lincoln." A second edition of December was issued on the 15th. A veteran New York publisher predicts that the permanent edition of the magazine will go beyond 300,000 before the completion of the "Life of Lincoln." The January installment, which is said by the editors to be of surpassing interest, occupies thirty pages of the magazine, and treats of Mr. Lincoln's settlement in Springfield; his practice of law in that city; the Harrison campaign; Lincoln's marriage; his friendship with the Speeds of Kentucky; the Shields duel; and the campaign of 1844.

"How? or, Spare Hours Made Profitable for Boys and Girls," by Kennedy Holbrook, illustrated. New York: Worthington Co., 747 Broadway. \$2. This is an admirable book. It will train the habit of attention, arouse the imagination, and awaken the inventive genius of young people. The volume teaches scores of games, experiments, interesting and amusing, and is illustrated with holiday amusement. It will be an unexhaustable source of pleasure and profit to youthful readers.

D. Lothrop & Co. publish a very handsome holiday book for young people. It is entitled "Young Folks Golden Treasury of Poems." Selected from the best poets, with the original poems, and illustrated with time-honored engravings from original designs of American artists. It makes a rich quarto of 448 pages, very handsomely bound and enclosed in a box. The poems have been happily selected from a very wide reading of volumes and periodicals. They are from Longfellow, Whitier, Holmes, and many of our leading literary writers. They cover every range of sentiment. They are merry, inspiring, and tender. They sing of youth in all its incidents of the city and the country of school and home and daily life. The volume will be a perennial comfort in the home circle, as well as a charming holiday gift, and give life and beauty to the book.

Fowler & Wells, New York, issue in paper covers a very useful volume on "The Causes of the Decay of the Teeth," by C. S. Wells, dentist. Dr. Wells has done a good service in its preparation. It should be read by young people before fatal injury has been received through neglect or ignorance. 10 cents.

The American Board of Foreign Missions issues a very neat Almanac for 1887, its calendar is filled with important missionary dates and incidents, and a sketch of the history of the Board and its missions, with illustrations and statistics of the other great missionary societies, which add to the value and usefulness of the beautiful little hand-book.

The *Colorado Advocate* is published monthly in Greeley, Col., and is edited by Rev. A. H. Lucas. It is the organ of Colorado Methodism, and is a very neatly illustrated quarto sheet, well filled with general and local religious intelligence and miscellany. The December number has a cover with a fine picture of the University of Denver.

The firm in Philadelphia bearing the familiar title of T. S. Arthur & Son send in the January number of *Arthur's Home Magazine*. It is a stout octavo of 116 pages, well filled with short articles, instructive and entertaining, and altogether wholesome. It makes an excellent family magazine. \$3 a year.

Our handsome and excellently edited German monthly, *Haus und Herd*—a family magazine for young and old—never looks more attractive than in its present holiday issue for January. Our young students in German will enjoy it as well as the profligate. Rev. Dr. H. Leibhart is its excellent editor, and it is published by Cranz & Söhne, Methodist Book Rooms, Cincinnati, Ohio. \$2 a year.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, sends out its Twenty-second Annual Catalogue. The Institute is now enjoying great prosperity, with its increasing endowment, its fine suite of buildings, 637 of these in body of students. In the different departments of the catalogue gives a full account of the arrangement of studies and the plan of the Institute, with a list of graduates and their present engagements.

Among the art publishers, no firm offers a larger variety, or more attractive and new and executed cards for Christmas and New Year's, than Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd., of London, New York. Their designs are of the most refined and artistic character, and their prices are of the most moderate. They have a large stock of Christmas and New Year's cards, and are prepared to execute orders for the same.

Years, than Raphael Truck & Sons, 298 Broadway, New York. They issue six hundred different sets, containing twenty-five hundred distinct designs. They are of equally varied prices, from the simplest and cheapest to some of exquisite design and execution, and of high price. One must have an exceptional taste not to find something that will meet his exact ideal in this great collection of lovely Christmas and New Year's symbols.

Among the first articles in *Harper's Monthly*, during the past season, that the reader has been likely to notice, have been those under the general title of "Their Pilgrimage," by Charles Dudley Warner. The Harpers have issued them in an elegantly published duodecimo volume, with uncut pages and bound in half morocco and golden-marbled paper. The illustrations by C. S. Reinhart are equally graphic with the picturesque descriptions of the leading watering-places in the country. The pleasant romance that gives unity and a personal interest to the "pilgrimage" is a charmingly written and the whole volume is one of the most attractive of the smaller gift-books of the season. \$2.

Those of our readers who have seen and read the exquisitely illustrated articles of the artist, William Hamilton Gibson, in *Harper's Monthly*, under the title of "Happy Hunting Grounds: A Tribute to the Woods and Fields," can readily imagine what a superb volume they would make, printed in bold type, on extra thick paper, with broad margins. This work has been effected in the establishment of Harper & Brothers. The illustrations of the volume is in keeping with the artistic delivery of the sketches. The artist seems equally apt with his brush and his pen. These prose poems and studies of nature will charm the mind and imagination of the reader, and open up before him objects of rare interest and attraction, which his unskilled eyes have never yet observed as he has wandered in the groves and forests. This rich holiday gift will be of permanent value, as interesting in every season and in coming years as it is today. Its price is \$7.50.

Among the valuable holiday presents for young people, whose interest will be permanent after the present Christmas season is over, is a richly published and illustrated quarto volume by Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement, entitled "Stories of Art and Artists." It is published in quarto form, on rich paper, in large type, with generous margins, by Ticknor & Co. The author's name has become familiar to art students and the general reader in her quite extended list of valuable Art Hand-books. Her familiarity with the theme permits her, in a very free and pleasant style, to give the history of art and sketches of artists, with many interesting personal incidents, which will attract and hold the attention of young readers, and form for them a happy introduction to the great works of art found in European galleries, and to the noted artists whose names have been made immortal by their works. The volume is every way attractive in its mechanical execution, its numerous illustrations, and in its delightful sketches of the world's great sculptors and painters and the most noted of their works which preserve their names and fame to our day. \$4.

Each stationed Methodist minister is an authorized agent for ZION'S HERALD. We hope no one will fail to inform his people that the paper will be sent free the remainder of the year to all new subscribers for 1887.
Specimen copies free.

St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Providence, R. I.

MR. EDITOR: Rev. N. T. Whitaker and the undersigned were appointed by the Presbytery Meeting a committee to prepare resolutions of sympathy for the pastor and people of the St. Paul's Church of this city, which was destroyed by fire on Sunday, Dec. 5. By appointment of the meeting, I send you the resolutions adopted on the 13th inst., and request you to give them a prominent place in your columns.

In performing this duty, may I say, on my own motion, that the case is a very urgent one, and that the brethren at St. Paul's have cheerfully borne the burdens which have pressed on them in the past, notwithstanding which they have already begun a subscription with a view to rebuilding at once. New England Methodists, or any Methodists in the country who may see this notice, will do good by the cause of the Master by forwarding a contribution to the pastor of the church, Rev. E. D. Hall. Will not some of the good people who love our common Lord encourage and assist their brethren who have been so sorely afflicted?

HENRY C. WESTWOOD.

The Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Providence, having learned of the destruction of the church, on the 5th of December, of the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, would put on record the following resolutions:

Resolved, 1. That our sincere sympathy is tendered to the pastor and members of that church, who are thus deprived of their place of worship, which, by the self-sacrificing devotion of many of their people, had been so recently fitted and furnished for effective work.

2. That, recognizing the greatness of the loss sustained by this congregation, and (in view of their recent contributions) their inability to endure a severe financial strain, we heartily commend them to our churches and the community generally as in every way deserving of their kind assistance.

3. That, in our judgment, this case appeals most strongly to the favorable consideration of the Church Extension Society of our church.

4. That this action be placed on our Minutes, and that a copy be sent to the official board of the St. Paul's Church, and also to Zion's Herald of Boston, and to the daily papers of our city, with a request for their publication.

The Churches.

[See also page 7.]
MASSACHUSETTS.
NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

Boston Preachers' Meeting.—Rev. Dr. Bates presided. The committee on questions reported resolutions and a scheme for the organization of young people's social and literary societies in our churches. The paper was made the order of the day for next Monday, to be discussed by Rev. Messrs. Twombly, Gracy and Rich. Dr. Bates gave an account of his pleasant visit to Philadelphia, and his favorable impressions of Methodism in that city. Dr. Cooke then spoke on the work of the church in the South, and at its conclusion Chairman Crawford introduced a series of resolutions, which were adopted.

Temple St.—The prayer-meeting on Sabbath evening was a season of unusual interest and power. Three persons were clearly converted, and one backslider was reclaimed. 211

Wales.—Since the last report from this charge, three have been converted, two have been received on probation, and four in full membership—three from probation and one by letter. Rev. W. Ferguson is pastor.

Plant Street, Somerville.—Sunday afternoon, Dec. 12, the pastor, Rev. E. A. Titus, before the sermon called the attention of the people to the fact that there was a floating debt on the church property of \$1,000, and asked that they would provide to pay the same within one month. The people responded with pledges for \$1,150.

Springfield, Trinity.—The Troy Praying Band recently conducted services in the church. Sixteen years ago, the pastor, Rev. Geo. Skene, was a member of the band. Henry Curtis, a Troy business man, had charge of the Sunday morning service and the young people's meeting; Bro. Hillman led the morning love-feast and the evening service. The band continued the revival services during the week following. The earnest and devout spirit of this band has been a blessing in Springfield.

Salem.—At the Lafayette St. Church fair last week an elegant large engraving of the battle of Gettysburg was presented by the ladies of the church to Phil. Sheridan Post, G. A. R., Rev. Dr. Gracy making the address, in which he referred to some incidents of the great battle as he saw it.

Malden.—Rev. W. P. Odell received seven into full membership and baptized eight last Sunday. Meetings are attended by large congregations, and a deep revival interest is pervading the church.

Trinity, Charlestown.—The pastor is being assisted by Rev. Thomas Harrison, and the altar is crowded with penitents. Over one hundred have been received on probation, and many more have been converted at the altars of the church and have united elsewhere. Many heads of families are seeking God, and young and old bow together before God in prayer and rise to tell of God's redeeming love and pardon.

Martineau.—A good religious interest has accompanied the holding of special services. The monthly, issued by Bro. Pomeroy for the benefit of the church, is an excellent church paper, and has, as it deserves, a large circulation. The people feel much regret that their popular pastor must soon be removed from them through the limitations of our time rule.

Greenfield.—One of the grand campaign missionary meetings, under the lead of the New England Conference Missionary Society, was held in Greenfield, Dec. 15. A stormy day greeted us, as it has greeted so many missionary convents. I am sure, if any enterprise of doubtful expediency, like a church fair, encountered, year after year, such dubious weather, people would say that Providence frowned upon the undertaking; but, after attending several such rainy-day meetings, I have concluded that it is a kind of test to bring out men like those in Gideon's band, who were not afraid of getting wet, but knelt down by the water to drink.

Everybody was in the most cheerful spirits, and Dr. Reid, in private conversation, quoted Bishop Thomson, who said on a similar occasion—when the church's brightest and best speakers held forth to a handful of hearers—that it was a very large funeral for a very small infant.

You can judge of the dignity of the "funeral" here when I say we had for speakers, Mrs. Reid and Baldwin, and Revs. Mudge and McGrew. These able efforts were not thrown away, for the infant, in this case, was not dead, but alive, and found abundant means of growth in both the milk and the strong meat of the Gospel presented. Bro. Mudge will doubtless send you a fuller account, but I gathered up for you these few flashes from out a stormy sky.

A MINISTER'S WIFE.

REEDIFICATION AT PEABODY.

The repairs and improvements on our church at Peabody make it one of the most attractive and inviting churches in the Lynn district. There has been a complete renovation of the church from the top to bottom. The audience-room and vestries have been refrescoed throughout. The old windows have been replaced with beautiful memorial windows. The recess back of the pulpit has been enlarged for the organ. The pews and woodwork have been repainted and the audience-room recarpeted, while other changes have been made in the vestibule and on the exterior of the edifice. The entire cost of the repairs and improvements has been \$2,000, all of which had been provided for before the re-opening, through the generous giving of the people, led on by the energetic and inspiring pastor, Rev. Geo. A. Phinney. Pastor and people have shown what can be done by those who have a mind to work and give, while their beautiful church and united membership well repay them for all they have done.

Tuesday, Dec. 7, was the day fixed for re-dedication, with a sermon by Rev. W. L. Phillips, of Brooklyn, N. Y., at 2.15 P. M., a feast of dedication at 5.30 P. M., and a reunion, with addresses by former pastors, at 7 P. M.

The day opened with a storm of sleet, which at noon turned to a blinding snowstorm, but the enthusiastic and rejoicing people came out in great numbers. Rev. Joseph H. Mansfield, D. D., presiding elder, took charge of the rededication services, assisted by Revs. W. P. Odell, E. A. Manning, E. S. Best, A. Gould, and C. N. Smith. Rev. W. L. Phillips, pastor of St. John's Church, Brooklyn, preached an able and eloquent sermon from Acts 16: 31: "And they said, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house;" and from Matt. 5: 20: "For I say unto you, that except your righteousness exceed that of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." He took for his theme, "The two pillars of orthodoxy: a rational faith and righteousness." His sermon made a marked impression upon all who heard it. His visit and services will be long remembered by the grateful people of Peabody. The dedication feast was a delightful one. About 150 sat down to the well-laid tables provided by the ladies of the church.

At 7 P. M., the reunion of former pastors with the people took place in the audience-room of the church. Prayer was offered by Dr. L. Crowell, and Pastor Phinney made introductory remarks. The pastor then called upon Rev. O. S. Butler, of Georgetown, who gave a most interesting sketch of the earlier history of the church. The presiding elder congratulated the church upon having a wide-awake pastor, and upon their success in carrying forward the repairs and improvements of the edifice. He encouraged them to go on and make the church among the most efficient in the Conference. Dr. Crowell considered he had no right to speak, never having been a pastor at Peabody, and not expecting to be invited to the pastorate. He humorously alluded to the present pastor—said he had been wondering where he obtained his endowments, but it was all clear when he found that he was born on Cape Cod—in the same town where the speaker's grandfather was born. But the present pastor had surpassed all his expectations in doing this work. Rev. E. A. Manning referred to the work done, and then gave reminiscences of his pastorate, which were of genuine interest to all. Rev. C. N. Smith was the next speaker. He counted this day of surprises. He recognized the faces, but not the

place. He could not have believed that the amount of \$2,000 could have been secured with the financial strength of the society, but he heartily congratulated them on their success. Rev. E. S. Best said he could not decide whether he was awake or dreaming—he had been living in the past and present while sitting in this church. He referred to his coming among this people. It was a critical period in the history of the church. The people looked discouraged. In the night it came to him what ought to be done, and he felt that what ought to be done could be. He talked to the brethren, and succeeded in inspiring them with some of his enthusiasm, and they went ahead to raise up the church and put in a vestry. The closing up of his labor was of particular interest. When he began he opened with a congregation of twenty-five; the edifice was crowded to the doors before he left. He trusted that the people in dedicating this church would consecrate themselves anew to the service of the Master.

The people at Peabody are united and devoted to the Master's work. They are looking and praying for a revival of great power. They have already been cheered by some very hopeful conversions.

Dr. Wm. R. Clark preached the Sabbath opening sermon, Dec. 12. It was a discourse of thought, finish and Gospel power. In the evening the pastor began a series of "Gospel talks" to the people.

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT.

Vineyard Haven.—Brother Harriman is alert, and has been gathering into the church the converts of last winter. The gospel trumpet with him gives no uncertain sound. He teaches his people that the church is God's family, and the place for His children is in the family.

Edgartown.—The whole outlook is encouraging with Brother Sproule. The congregations are well sustained, and the Sunday-school is on the move upward in interest and efficiency. The pastor is reported to be doing excellent work.

North Tisbury.—The people are improving their parsonage. A very certain indication that they appreciate the efforts of their pastor. Brother Washburn is doing good work here, and is beloved by those among whom he labors.

Sagamore.—This charge is served this year by one of "our promising young men," Bro. E. A. Lyon, whose first station was Waltham, 1830. His youthful vigor enables him to proclaim a glorious gospel in Sagamore, Bowdoin, Cedarville, and Ellenville. Having completed his tour of Sunday work, he is ready to go out and assist his feeble brethren in the ministry.

Taunton, Central.—Brother Hunt has been assisted during the past ten days by the English evangelist, Miss Coates, in revival services. Some seekers have been at the altar, and much good has been done by the members of this and other churches who have been present at the meetings. The pastor during the present month held extra meetings at a mission chapel, on Worcester Street, about two miles from the centre of the city, with very gratifying results. Nearly a score sought and found pardon. The three Methodist churches of the city have been invited to co-operate in arranging to sustain the work there in the future. The field appears to be a very promising one, if well cared for by the older societies.

Church Extension.—From various causes, the interest of many ministers and prominent laymen in this Conference for several years has not been so deep in the work of this Society as was to have been desired. The feeling has been widespread and strong that more money should be put into the work of aiding struggling churches within the bounds of our own Conference, especially since the grants from the Missionary Society had ceased. This consideration has led to a vigorous advocacy of the claims of the Conference Home Missionary Society, and has not added materially to the funds of the Church Extension Society. Many have felt that the help given by the latter was less in amount and more difficult to obtain than that which could be given by the former to the work in our vicinity. Through the efforts, largely, of Rev. W. V. Morrison, presiding elder of this district, and member of the General Committee on Missions and Church Extension, a most favorable arrangement has been made, so that in future the Church Extension Society will allow twelve twenty-fifths of all money contributed by it, to be drawn for use within our own bounds. We are asked to raise \$2,500. If this sum is raised, there will be \$1,200 available from this source to develop work which needs such aid, and which in many localities near at hand must have our help, or be taken up by other people and forever lost to us. While in no way diminishing the contributions to the Home Missionary Society, can we not, under these new and favorable conditions, awaken a fresh and deeper interest in the Church Extension Society's work at our own doors, and increase our collections for the same? The Taunton churches will set the example this year with collections for this cause from First Church of more than \$100; Central, about \$65; Grace, about \$65. Let us help ourselves, and at the same time help others.

RETAIL.

MAINE.

Rev. W. Canham writes: "A heavy stroke has fallen upon our church, and upon the whole community, at Sidney. A good man of 62 years has suddenly and most unexpectedly 'entered into rest.' Bro. Henry G. Williams died of heart disease, Dec. 8. He had been in his usual health, but finished the day's work and was washing his hands, when he sank upon the floor, and in less than five minutes, without a word, breathed his last. We bespeak the prayers of the church for Sister Williams, who has been in frail health for a number of months, and is now passing through the deepest sorrow and severest trial of her life."

The young Mission Band connected with the South Berwick church proposed, by a sale of fancy and useful articles and an entertainment, to raise money for chandeliers for the new church, and by their efforts \$85 was netted. The lecture course under the auspices of the Young People's Circle raised and paid in toward the new church about \$400, and they are still busy in doing more. Very few societies have done more toward helping themselves in a new church enterprise than the church at South Berwick, and they are worthy of commendation and assistance. They are hoping to go into their new church Jan. 10.

Rev. W. M. Sterling, of Waterville, baptized three persons, Nov. 7, in the evening before the communion service, and Dec. 5, received six into full membership—three heads of families. Nov. 28, the Waterville church took up \$65 to aid the Farmington church in rebuilding their edifice.

The vestries of the Gardiner Methodist Church have just been undergoing thorough remodeling and additions, which make them convenient and every way attractive. A friend of the church last spring proposed to donate \$500 for the purpose of enlarging and improving the vestries, providing the society would raise an equal amount. The proposition was accepted, and the amount required

has been raised and expended. These improvements give the society a church parlor, cloak-room, kitchen, and twenty additional seats for the prayer-room, which will now seat five hundred people. The expense of the improvements will reach about \$1,200. Dr. Bass is growing in favor with the people and drawing about him a new class of hearers, and the people are looking for a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

Month church is prospering, and the pastor, Rev. G. D. Holmes, is held in high esteem by his people. At the close of an unusually interesting quarterly meeting last Sabbath, Bro. Holmes gave the right hand of fellowship to eight persons at East Monmouth. Revivals are in progress at New Sharon and Livermore Falls on the Augusta district.

The Salvation Army are occupying the old Methodist Church at Hiram this week. Rev. J. H. Parsons, for eight years pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Saco, announced his resignation last Sabbath. He accepts a call in Rhode Island. Bro. Parsons for a few years past has been associated with our Methodist brethren in the advocacy of holiness, and has been one of the leading spirits in the Maine State Holiness Association.

The Union Church on Bailey's Island was dedicated last Wednesday. Rev. Joseph Moulton, of Harpswell, preached the dedication sermon, assisted by Rev. W. W. Carver of the Free Baptist Church, and Rev. D. Ford of the Methodist Church at North Augusta.

The Park St. Church, Lewiston, are to have Christmas exercises in the City Hall, Christmas night, Dec. 25.

The church at Mechanic Falls is still prospering. During the autumn the church edifice was much improved in its appearance internally and externally. Blinds were placed upon the parsonage, adding much to its appearance and the comfort of its occupants. Conversations have occurred of late. Several have been received on probation. Dec. 5 twelve were received into the church from probation. Others will come in soon. The pastor, Rev. G. E. Cobb, on the evening of Nov. 10, received a severe "pounding," to which he cheerfully submitted, esteeming such chastening to be joyous rather than grievous.

EAST MAINE.

BUCKSPORT DISTRICT.

Franklin.—This charge is supplied by one of our Conference Seminary students, H. L. Welch, with great acceptability. Twelve persons have recently sought Christ. The full appropriation for missions, with some to spare, has been raised already. The following questions often arise in the mind of the observer: How is it that certain men, put them wherever you will, have no great trouble in getting the benevolent money? And how is it, that place other certain men wherever you will, they never accomplish this work? Is there danger of getting into the deplorable state of a baneful "don't-care spirit" relative to this department of church work? The success of Bro. McCann as preacher and pastor at Franklin leads us to think that several of our charges might be efficiently supplied by our students, if the laity would become real lay-workers, looking after the social meetings, visiting the sick, etc., in the absence of the pastor. If this course could be pursued, our young men would be helped financially, and often the people would not only be as well, but better, served.

Catlin.—Eight persons have recently been converted and six baptized.

Elsworth.—The congregations are much larger than ever before in the history of the church, and good religious interest pervades the society. One person was recently received into the church.

East Machias.—The work of the pastor and church has been abundantly blessed during the Conference year thus far. Fifty have been received on probation, and still the interest is unabated. The benevolent collections as far as taken are up to the apportionment, which is several hundred per cent. better than last year.

Alexander, Cooper, etc.—This is a large circuit, and requires much hard labor for very small compensation as far as money goes. The pastor is doing excellent work for the Master, and is loved by the people.

It is very desirable that the list of subscribers for Zion's Herald on every charge be increased many fold. Many of the people know but little, comparatively, of the doings of the church outside of their own immediate vicinity. They need the ambition and inspiration which a knowledge of the urgent demands and pressing religious progress of the church as a whole would give. With this knowledge in possession, the people would flock to hear the Gospel, and would also be intelligent listeners and doers of the Word. Brethren, try and put our paper in every home!

Mr. Appleby, who left the Methodist Episcopal Church last June, withdrawing from the ministry and membership, has joined the Congregational church, and become a member of the Hancock County Association.

Deer Isle.—A class of twelve persons has been formed at Green's landing, with a prospect of still better things for our church and the people. The pastor, F. B. Whitman, is doing grandly.

South Orrington and Centre.—Rev. W. T. Jewell is prized highly by his people. Devout and earnest in his work, he reaches the people, and we look for results which shall be for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Columbia Falls.—Rev. D. Smith by some means took this place, which the ministers generally have not coveted, as by storm. Good is being done, and it is hoped that the result of the year's work will be the salvation of many souls and the educating of the church and people at large in religious things; also the instruction of the society in our church benevolences.

East Maine Conference Seminary.—The winter term has opened prosperously. The attendance is larger than the school has ever had in winter. The success of the school in every direction is wonderfully cheering to its many friends.

VERMONT.

At the last quarterly meeting at Bradford, Bro. A. J. Hough baptized three persons, received four on probation, and seven into full membership.

Mrs. Evans, wife of Brother W. A. Evans, of Middlesex, has been appointed superintendent of schools for that town, a vacancy having occurred.

The new church at South Franklin is to be dedicated the 22d inst. The sermon will be by the presiding elder, Bro. E. W. Calver. No collections are to be taken, the bills being all provided for. Bishop Harris said at the dedication of our church at White River Junction, that that was the third church he had dedicated in all his ministry where the indebtedness was all provided for in advance of the dedicatory services. If he were to be at South Franklin, he could add another to the list.

(Continued on page 8.)

Money Letters from Dec. 11 to 18.
A. W. Armstrong, A. Burt, Jr., G. W. Brown, J. M. Bridges, C. A. Copeland, J. L. Edridge, C. E. Eaton, M. Farwell, J. W. Gould, L. Grant, C. A. Holmes, C. M. Howard, W. Henderson, G. H. Hoyt, L. S. Liecomb, J. D. Logie, M. Munroe, T. A. Nottage, J. Nichols, L. E. Noon, J. W. Presby, Mrs. E. Reynolds, J. S. Stevens, W. H. Simmons, D. J. Smith, J. Stephen, T. Simms, V. M. Simons, C. A. Southard, C. H. Thatcher, G. L. Thompson, O. Tyler, W. A. Taylor, L. B. Tower, H. L. Wriston, A. H. Witham, H. C. Weakley, J. Zook.

IMPORTANT.

When visiting New York City, save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite the Grand Central Depot. 600 Handsomely Furnished Rooms at \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevators, and all Modern Conveniences. Restaurants supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. You can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than any other first-class hotel in the city.

Deaths.

HOBSON.—In East Brighton, Vt., Dec. 3, Mary E. Hobson, wife of Samuel D. Hobson, aged 51 years and 11 months.

Business Notices.

READ the last column on the third page Every Week for announcements of the latest publications of the Methodist Book Concern.

Glen's Sulfur Soap heals and beautifies, 25c. German Corn Remover kills Corns, Blisters, 25c. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, 50c. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINDLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be kept for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. bottle.

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"100 Doses One Dollar" is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is an unanswerable argument pro its truth and economy.

NOTICE.—The next meeting of the Providence District Ministerial Association will be held in Attleboro', Mass., Feb. 7-9, 1887.

PROGRAMME.

Monday evening, Sermon, by G. W. King.
Tuesday a. m., 9 to 9.30, Devotional services; 9.30 to 10, Business; 10 to 11, Essay: The New Theology, W. A. Wright; 11 to 12, Exegesis: The 2d Psalm, S. H. Day.
Tuesday p. m., 2 to 2.30, Devotional services; 2.30 to 3, Business; 3 to 4, Review of Milton on Divorce, J. H. Nutting; 4 to 5, Essay: The Sunday-school of the Present and the Church of the Future, G. W. Scott.
Tuesday evening, Sermon, H. C. Westwood.
Wednesday a. m., 9 to 9.30, Devotional services; 9.30 to 10, Business; 10 to 11, Review: The Day of our Saviour's Crucifixion, A. F. Palmer; 11 to 12, Essay: The Secret of Pulpit Power, E. F. Clark.
For the Com., C. H. E.

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The Family.

BETHLEHEM. A Christmas Ode.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HYMN STUDIES."

Bethlehem! eternal city!
City of the Saviour's birth,
Where the God of heaven in pity
Showed His love to all the earth;
Few thy people, low thy station,
But undying is thy fame,
Men of every land and nation
Hear the music of thy name.

Bethlehem! we sing thy glory,
With thy praise the earth shall ring;
All mankind shall hear thy story,
And adore thy manger King.
Lo! above thee, burning ever,
Seen by peoples near and far,
Ever rising, setting never,
Shines thy glorious morning star.

Bethlehem! though angels singing,
"Glory be to God on high,"
Waken echoes in thee, ringing
Through the arches of the sky;
With the very angels crying,
We who dwell upon earth's sod,
Now unite in song, replying,
Glory, glory be to God!

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS IN GER- MANY.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

There is no country in the world where Christmas is so universally celebrated, and with so much of genuine good feeling and simple pleasure, as in Germany. For children the season has a peculiar significance, and no pains are spared to give one and all a week of pleasure without alloy. It matters little whether it be the gorgeous apartment or the attic room with its low ceiling and sloping walls, light hearts move busy hands without effort, and the day has a double compensation in the bright, happy faces and merry shouts of the children, when at evening the Christmas tree, with all its blaze of glory, bursts upon their eyes.

However old one may be, he is, for that night, a child; and even if he knows that there is no one in the wide world to make him a present, yet he believes and hopes there is one to come whenever a footstep is heard on the stair, or a knock at the door.

With the tree always to be found some representation of the "Christ-child," or "Christ-kind," as it is called in Germany. Sometimes only a simple picture, again a colored transparency, behind which are placed lights; either in the manger, watched by Mary and the adoring shepherds, or lying in a rude cradle, with Joseph and Mary beside him. These pictures are usually accompanied with some appropriate motto taken from the New Testament. Thus, even in the midst of its own pleasures, the child cannot forget the joyful import of the day to all the world—"Unto you Christ is born this day!"

Childhood itself is the "perpetual Messiah," says a gifted author of our own land and time, with more poetry than reverence; and doubtless the newborn babe has often been God's messenger, the first ever received to a mother's heart, and the young child has first opened the eyes of many a father to the truth that he himself is a child of God.

"The young child and his mother!" "Ah, blessed home of Bethlehem! thy divinity child dwells equally in ten thousand, thousand other habitations," and like the wise men with their treasures, Christmas eve sees multitudes, in many lands, like them presenting unto Him their gifts.

But especially in Germany the belief in the "Christ-child" survives in all hearts, and the very smallest thing which all may receive on this one night of the year, has always a certain consecration which it never loses.

In southern countries the "Christ-child" can bring no tree to the children on Christmas eve, for there are no pine trees there; but if they have been good and well behaved, all sorts of pretty things come to them, which an angel, who shows himself on that holy evening at the window, shakes out of his cap.

A German family in Spain would take a stately branch of the olive in the place of the pine, and set it out with candles, and apples, and glistening balls, while the Spaniards would open their black eyes to see them dancing around so strange a plaything.

Just here, though we are digressing, we would speak of a very pretty custom in Norway, the land of the spruce and the pine. The good Norwegians make one present to the birds of heaven on this holy Christmas day. They set up before each cottage in the country a tall pine tree on Christmas eve, and to its top they fasten ears of corn, around which hundreds of birds, both large and small, flutter, twittering and thankful to get their few choice grains. And how do you think they express this thankfulness? By joining their voices in one glad accord, one loud anthem of praise on Christmas morning, which we might imagine to be "Glory to God in the highest." While the peasants of Brittany run about the fields with torches upon the ends of long poles, that even the beasts in their holes and the birds among the branches of the trees, may at least have a share in the gladness of light.

But in no place is Christmas eve so universally celebrated as in Germany. The excitement begins several days before Christmas. In the larger towns one day is devoted to the sale of the various articles manufactured by the peasantry. In the principal streets booths are erected wherein these goods are displayed, and scores of the poorer classes flock thither to make their Christmas purchases. Boots and shoes, warm winter wraps, knitted garments of every description, toys innumerable and ingenious in form and device, cake, confectionery—in short, everything

which comes within the means and gratifies the tastes of these people, can be obtained at these stalls. It makes one's heart large to see the eager and expectant little faces which with longing eyes survey the stores of toys, books and cakes, and even the stern, phlegmatic features of the hard-working peasantry relax into a broad smile of content under the influence of this genial season.

The day before Christmas comes amid a whirl of excitement. The cook must in some way have a fine dinner, and a large cake for the other servants, if there be other. All purchases for the family must be made for two days, for by order of the government the day itself among the Germans is kept more religiously than their Sundays. All the shops are closed, and excepting the distribution of milk and bread, there is absolutely no traffic.

In many parts of Germany it is the custom to decorate the graves of those who have died during the year. This ceremony is performed on Christmas day. In all the burial places of the several villages and hamlets, both Protestant and Catholic, on holiday week hundreds of wreaths of immortelles are hung upon the crosses and rude stones which mark the graves, and in very many cases stones moss-grown from age are covered with garlands.

After Christmas week with all its pleasure is ended, people return to their every-day and ordinary occupations, all the better for this long holiday, while the merry children play about the streets, their arms full of the gifts of generous "Kris Kringle."

German children are rendered very hardy and strong through plain food and constant outdoor exercise. Save in cold weather, girls belonging to the burgher and lower classes do not wear any covering over the head. In the boys' schools, both public and private, are not allowed their caps in the playground unless the cold or a storm renders some covering for the head necessary. This method would seem to us like madness; but the changes in the climate are neither so frequent nor so severe as with us, and the complexion of these children, rosy and clear, shows perfect health. Mentally they are taxed far beyond our American boys and girls. In summer seven, in winter six, hours at school are required of them, and study at home in proportion to their years. For all this, they are of fine physique, and full of life and fun.

CEDAR AND HOLLY.

Come, Jean, with your cedar and holly;
Oh, the scent of the woods is sweet!
I'll tell you a bit of a story
As you sit on the rug at my feet;
I'll tell you the wreath you are twining
In the wreath of the running pine,
And I'll tell you a bit of a story
A story of Auld Lang Syne.

Sit here, if you please, my darling,
In the heart of the holly's glow;
Yes, I like the gleam of the holly,
And I love the mistletoe;
Oh, why do you dream your eyes, dear?
And why are your fingers cold?
Is it only the chill of the night, love,
And the sweep of the wind from the world?

'Tis the blessed Christmas eve, Jean,
And a young heart should be gay,
When the world is clashing lands, dear,
And all in the dawn of day
The angels will come with singing,
And the angels will sing to you,
Once more to the heavenly music
That greets the infant King.

But you've had a quarrel with Robin—
Bend lower, golden head—
I was half-way down the stairs, child,
And I heard the angels say:
"Henceforward, we meet as strangers!"
Think of it, Robin and you!
Who have given each other truth-plight
To be ever fond and true.

Think of it, Jean, my darling;
Here it is Christmas eve,
And Robin is somewhere retreating,
And you are alone to grieve,
Though hiding the heartache proudly,
And wearing a frown on your face;
We women have learned that art, dear,
'Tis a part of our womanly grace.

This isn't my bit of a story;
And I'm helping you not at all;
Pardon me, Jeanie darling,
If the help I'm giving is small.
But I had a lover once, dear,
And I sent him far away;
And of all the tears I've shed, dear,
The bitterest fell that day.

'Twas the eve of the blessed Christmas
Many a year ago,
I heard the angels of the bells, dear,
Ringing across the snow;
And I see my Jasper's look, dear,
As he praised my cheeks' soft glow,
And kissed me twice and thrice, dear,
Under the mistletoe.

Oh, dearly I loved my Jasper,
And dearly he loved me;
Perhaps that was why we quarreled;
For this is the mystery:
That just when we love most truly
We are quick with our words of blame,
And love that is lit by anger
Glow with the fiercest flame.

My old cheek blushes, Jeanie,
When I think how slight a thing
Brought me the loss of my Jasper,
And a life-long suffering.
'Twas Fanny, my cousin, caused it,
A little coquette like Fanny;
But 'twas touch and go with me, then,
And Jasper was only a man.

So, up I blazed on a sudden,
Then coldly turned away,
And flirted with Martin Selden,
And I was a word to say,
Though my own true love was pleading
With all his heart in his eyes;
And I wouldn't bid him good-night, dear,
Though I saw his pained surprise.

He was then on "waiting orders,"
They came on Christmas day,
And the first I knew was that Jasper
Was gone for a year, and away.
Away to the tropic seas, Jean;
I have never seen him more
Since he turned and left me standing
Mute at my father's door.

Did he marry? Yes, Jeanie, darling,
A sweeter woman than I;
It was Fanny Raymond,
And love has passed me by;
But make up your quarrel with Robin,
No grudge should have its way—
It was of evil and sorrow—
Darling, on Christmas day.

The beautiful cedar and holly,
Oh, the scent of the woods is sweet,
And the dainty form at my feet,
Don't borrow a grievance, honey,
Don't buy for yourself a pain,
But early to-morrow, my darling,
Send for your Robin again.
Then the sound of the Christmas carols,
When the little children sing,
Will mind you, my love, of the seraphs,
And the praise of the infant King.
Then the star that guided the strangers
To the place where the Christ-child lay,
Will shine in serene beauty
Over your Christmas day.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Christian Intelligencer*.

Our Girls.

MILLY'S SACRIFICE.

BY KATE S. GATES.

"Oh, dear me!" said Milly Carter, dolefully; "I don't see what I am going to do."

She was upstairs in her own room, with the contents of her "bank" spread out on the floor before her, making her calculations for Christmas; but, do her best, she could not make the amount of cash that she had on hand equal to the amount she wished to expend.

"That is for papa," she said, tapping one little pile with her finger, "and that for mamma; that is grandpa's, and that grandpa's, and that is Susie Gray's; and this is every single cent that I have got in the world. I don't see how I can do it; and Milly sighed again more dolefully than before.

Down at school that afternoon the girls had been telling what they expected to get for presents at Christmas. Everybody had told of something they wanted and expected—everybody but Maggie Drew.

"What do you expect, Maggie?" asked Cora Clarke.

"Nothing," answered Maggie, with a quiver in her voice, and her eyes brimming over with tears. "I haven't had a Christmas present since I can remember."

It seemed dreadful to Milly; she did not wonder that Maggie could not keep back the tears.

"I wish I could give her something; it will just spoil my Christmas to think of her," thought Milly, as she hurried directly home from school to see if she could not manage it in some way.

"I can't leave out papa nor mamma, of course, nor grandpa and grandma either; nor Susie, for we have always taken every cent of money I've got, and mamma won't let me borrow, I know. O—oh!" Milly gave a little startled exclamation, and then sat very still for a minute or two.

Why not talk to Susie about it, and instead of giving to each other, give to Maggie?

But somehow Milly did not want to do that. Susie always gave her such pretty presents, and it was so nice to have lots of things. She was ever and ever so sorry for Maggie, but it seemed a little hard to give up a present of her own.

"I don't believe it would be very polite to Susie either," she said, gathering up her quarters, dimes and pennies, and putting them back. Then she went downstairs, and tried to forget all about Maggie and Christmas, but Maggie's sorrowful words seemed to ring in her ears. "I should think you would just be ashamed of yourself," whispered the still, small voice. "Just think of all the nice Christmas presents you have had, and she cannot remember having one single one. You don't deserve any yourself. Don't you remember the verse Miss Wells talked to you about in Sunday-school—'Freely ye have received, freely give?'"

Don't you remember she said that for every thing you received you ought to give something away? If you have a happy time, you must give a happy time to some one else, and so on. You have had lots and lots of happy Christmas times; I should think you had better give one away now."

Milly's conscience did not say all this at once, but it kept saying it, and do her best, she could not stop it, and presently she began to be ashamed of herself for trying to do so.

"Oh, dear! I did not know that I was so selfish. I will go right over to Susie's now, and see what she says, and I will make Maggie have a happy Christmas this year if I possibly can."

"Mamma," said Milly, hesitatingly, on Christmas day, "you won't be hurt, or mind what I tell you, will you? Your present and papa's were just as lovely and splendid as they could be, but somehow they didn't make me quite so happy as seeing Maggie, and Susie says the same. You don't know how happy she did look, and oh, I am so glad we did it! I mean to make a happy Christmas every year now for somebody that don't have one."

"Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto Me," quoted mamma tenderly.

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bright and still! It brings to mind the words of Mrs. Hemans," said Amelia:—"Oh, lovely voices of the sky, Which hymned the Saviour's birth, Are ye not singing still on high, Ye that sang 'Peace on earth?'"

"There is much beauty in the song, but to my mind there is more strength and sublimity in the words of Keble, said Frank; 'and he expresses it in such beautiful language that it thrills me every time I read it. Let me give it to you:—

"What sudden blaze of song
Spreads o'er the expanse of heaven?
In waves of light it thrills along
Th' angelic signal given.
'Glory to God!' from yonder central fire
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the
starry choir;
Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Only after, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on forever.
'Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love toward men of love, salvation
and release.'"

"How I wish dear grandfather could this very evening enter into the spirit of this poem, and find release from his fears," said Josie.

The party were now at the door, and being admitted, a shout of "Merry Christmas!" and "Glorious birthday, grandfather!" rang through the house and broke the train of thought which occupied him. He soon joined them, saying, "What's the use of wishing an old man like me merriment, and glorious birthdays?"

"Why not? Your head is not white with years, your hands are not trembling with palsied nerves," said Amelia. "Don't you know that life to one of my years is no longer made up of bright anticipation?" asked the aged man.

"What life no longer bright and glowing with happiness? I expect to enjoy and anticipate more and more as the years pass."

"What reason have you for such expectations, Amelia?"

"I judge somewhat from my experience. I enjoy more, and anticipate more, far more, than I did five years since," she replied.

"You are a strange girl," said Mr. Lowe.

"What is there strange in this? I think it quite philosophical. My mind is more mature, and my capacity to enjoy is enlarged."

"You are a greater mystery than ever, Amelia. To think that a man can anticipate happiness when he feels the foundation slipping out from under his feet and he going to pieces!"

"Dear grandpa," said Amelia, "the Psalmist says, 'He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee will not slumber.' If your feet are on the Rock of Ages, you have nothing to fear. The anticipation of a speedy release of the spirit from an infirm body should bring joy to the heart. How exhilarating the thought of existing a pure being in companionship with the glorified, in the presence of a loving Redeemer! This should give a joyous reality to anticipation."

"It may be so to some," said Mr. Lowe, "but my feet are not placed upon the sure foundation. I am unworthy. I cannot look to Him I have so long neglected."

"But to him that knocketh the door shall be opened, though it be the eleventh hour. Our Father is ever listening to the call of the soul that would find Him," said Josie.

"Our Father," you said. I wish I might see the Father! I have abandoned Him."

"Yes, but He seeks the lost, and cries, 'Turn ye, for why will you die?' Though you have turned away and grieved His loving Spirit, He says, 'Come, let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' O grandpa, 'as the father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.' And again He says: 'God knows all our weaknesses; He sorrows for us. He notes every longing after Him, and every repentant thought. Trust in Him, and your feet shall be set in a sure place, and as you come down to the dewy banks, His rod and staff shall guide you.'"

"My dear children, your earnestness and words encourage me to look for mercy in this late period in my life. Perhaps I may yet know the joy of pardon, which has always seemed too much for me to hope for. Oh, hat I may feel His tender love and rejoice!"

"You say, you do, dear grandpa. He waits to manifest His compassion. Believe on Christ. He is the soul's bread. Eat, ye that hunger. He is the water of life. Drink, ye that thirst! He is the soul's supreme glory. Yield to every outgush of joy, of enthusiasm, of worship, that springs up in your heart toward Him."

"I will—yes, I'll claim Him—such a Saviour as you tell me of, One who loves and pities such an unbeliever as I. Oh, sing, I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

The evening of Dec. 25 carried the good news of an aged sinner's birth into the kingdom of grace, and the record of work done by young people for Christ.

The Little Folks.

REBBIE LEE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

Rebbie Lee sat at the window watching the people hurrying through the dancing snowflakes. It was Christmas eve, and everybody seemed laden with something for that festive occasion.

"There's another turkey, grandpa," she cried, "and there goes a man with a Christmas tree."

"Somebody will have a good time to-morrow," said grandpa, from the stove, where she was making mush for supper.

"I remember what good things you used to make before we left the farm. My! what mince pies and plum-pud-

dling we had on Christmas, and what fun over our stockings," mused Rebbie. "I thought there was a real Santa Claus. I wish there was one to come here."

"To think my lamb is missing all of the good things of life," murmured the old lady, wiping her eyes with her apron.

"Oh, I have a great deal!" exclaimed Rebbie. "A kind father, the best grandpa in the world, and a good brother somewhere."

Grandmother broke down at this: "Poor Tom! I wonder where he is. Gone three years, and yet you never give him up."

"God will send him back. Oh, there comes father," said Rebbie gladly.

The man who walked in looked worn and dejected. He did not go and kiss his crippled daughter as usual, but sank into the first seat he came to.

"What's the matter, father?" Rebbie asked anxiously. "You look as you did when Tom ran away."

"It's only my usual luck," he replied bitterly. "Other men can make their families happy on Christmas, while I cannot so much as buy an apple for my child."

"O father, don't mind that! I don't need any Christmas," said Rebbie bravely.

"That isn't the worst," Mr. Lee went on almost with a groan. "But after a man loses his wife, his only son, and his home, and his baby gets to be a cripple, it's a small matter for him to let his family starve. The mill has stopped, and I can't find work."

"O John!" said grandpa. "What will we do? Such a bitter winter, and Rebbie's doctor bills not paid."

"Heaven only knows, I don't," the man groaned.

Rebbie took her crutches and slowly and painfully hobbled to her father's side. He took her in his arms, and his gloomy face relaxed a little as she pressed her thin cheek against his rough one.

"Don't give up, father," she whispered. "God will take care of us some way. You will find another place. Oh, if Tom were only here!"

"Don't mention that ungrateful boy," said Mr. Lee with a frown.

"Come, let us have supper," said grandpa. "We won't starve till we have to."

In spite of Rebbie's efforts to be cheerful, it was a very sober meal.

After supper Rebbie said, "Father, please read to me."

So grandpa got the old family Bible, and Mr. Lee read, as Rebbie requested, the fourteenth chapter of John. He was not a religious man, but he would do anything for his little invalid daughter. While he read, Rebbie closed her eyes and prayed softly that his heart might be comforted by those sweet words, and she thought he looked brighter when he came to kiss her good-night.

The little sufferer did not sleep much that night. She was not kept awake by visions of well-filled stockings or mysterious Christmas trees, but by the thought of her wandering brother Tom, and almost every waking breath was a prayer for his return.

Christmas morning dawned cold and clear. After their simple breakfast Mr. Lee went for a walk. "To keep from bad thoughts," he said, while Rebbie made a place with her breath on the frosty window so she could see the children playing with their new sleds. So absorbed was she with this, she hardly noticed a man hurry by, then return and come to their front door. In answer to the heavy rap, grandmother opened the door, then gave a scream and sank into the nearest chair.

Rebbie gave a little cry of fright, which turned into one of joy as the young man who entered caught her in his arms and covered her face with kisses.

"O Tom! I knew you would come. I prayed all night about it. But what made you run away, and where did you get whippers?" said Rebbie, laughing and crying at the same time as she clung to her big brother.

"I was a wild, foolish boy, and got mad at father; but I wouldn't have done it, as, if I had known you would have been like this, or the place would go for the mortgage. And I don't look like a boy because I'm a man," he replied, stroking his "burn-sides" fondly.

"But why didn't you write, Tom?" asked grandpa, who had recovered from her fright and was beaming on Tom like a full moon.

"It was pure meanness at first," he replied. "But when I got homesick and wrote and asked pardon, all my letters came back to me, so I supposed father refused to open them."

"We had moved here by that time," interrupted Rebbie.

"Yes, I know that now, but I did not think of it till I met our old neighbor, Bob Brown, a few weeks ago, when I heard all about your troubles; so I came to take you all home with me."

"Have you a home, Tom?" asked Rebbie in surprise.

"Yes, chicken. I have had splendid luck. Went to a town in Colorado among the miners where I got big wages from the start. I saved my money, and bought a little piece of land. Last year the railroad came through the village, so I was able to sell half of my land for a high price, and with some of that I put up a nice little house. All I need now is a house-keeper like grandmother and a pet like you," was Tom's reply.

"You forget father," said Rebbie anxiously.

At that moment in walked Mr. Lee, looking more hopeless than ever.

"Tom sprang to him with 'Forgive me, father,' and Mr. Lee caught the tall young fellow in his arms as if he were a child.

"I was too hard on you, my boy. We will forget the past and begin over again," he said, in a voice that trembled with emotion.

"I was just telling of the pretty col-

lage I had built—plain, of course. They don't put jinnicks on houses in a new town, and I was going to say I can get you a place at once with twice the wages you have now," Tom said, as they gathered around his chair.

"I can't do much good there, sighed Rebbie, looking at her lame foot.

"Wait till you get in the pure air from those beautiful mountains, and you'll soon grow as strong and rosy as the romp I used to play with," replied Tom.

"You forget my foot," reminded Rebbie.

"We won't have you lame long, for I shall take you to a great doctor in Denver. He has machines and braces by which he makes lame feet as good as new."

Rebbie beamed with joy at this hope, which was sweetest of all to her.

